

# TRUE MEN

**I Killed 101 Men  
To Go Free**

**Rugged Working Men Make  
Inadequate Lovers**

**The Mob Was Crazy  
For My Blood**

**STORIES**

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times, over 110,000,000  
times.



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3

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4

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5

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# TRUE MEN STORIES

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## The Magazine of Action

VOL. 3, NO. 4

APRIL, 1959

### EXCLUSIVE

- THE WILD PARTY THAT ALMOST WRECKED AN OCEAN LINER..... Gene Channing 14  
*One woman started it—the maddest, merriest affair that ever rocked a ship*

### ADVENTURE

- I WAS A SCREAMING HUMAN TORCH..... Capt. John MacFarland 18  
*Blackened corpses flamed at my feet—I was afire—trapped in a sea-going hell*
- CRUSHED BY EIGHT GIANT ARMS OF HELL..... C. J. Loomis 22  
*Tentacles sucked me raw—imprisoning me while clacking jaws tried to make me fish bait*
- THE MOB WAS CRAZY FOR MY BLOOD..... Borton Obermayer 32  
*The rioting crowd was on me, ripping my clothes—literally trying to tear me apart*
- THE LONG LAST HOUR..... Greg Pritchie 40  
*I was hooked on a beam like meat on a rack—my life depended on a jeep and a deaf man*

### ARTICLES

- BEAT THEM TILL THEY DIE..... Eric Graywood 24  
*The sadistic killer thinks murder isn't enough—the victim must squirm before dying*
- RUGGED WORKING MEN MAKE INADEQUATE LOVERS..... Evelyn Whitmore 30  
*The man in the muscle and brawn job flazes out when it comes to married love*

### WAR

- "I KILLED 101 MEN TO GO FREE"..... Robert Moore 20  
*He was marooned on the Jap isle—he raided them for guns, now he had to fight his way out*
- THE BEAUTIFUL REBEL TRAITOR WHO WRECKED THE DEFENSE OF VICKSBURG..... D. Halvorsen 28  
*No price was too great—she was ready to give herself or her life for a rebel secret*

### PHOTO FEATURE

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*TRUE MEN STORIES girl of the month. Debbie Jones*

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This story actually happened. The man's name has been changed and this is not his photograph, but the facts are true.

## "Your name is on the list"



Doug Mott was not surprised. The recession was on and the assembly line where he worked was almost at a standstill.

And then, strangely, the boss began to smile. "You know how the Engineering Department sends us blueprints and then we have to send them back for revision because they just aren't practical to produce?" Doug nodded . . . wondering. "That's waste . . . and we can't allow it to continue. That's why we thought that if we had a man who knew assembly and production — and drafting, too — he could act as liaison man between engineering and production. You know production, Doug . . . and you're studying drafting with I.C.S. You've got a new job. Congratulations!"

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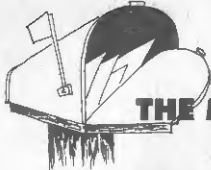
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## THE MAIL CHUTE

Address letters to: Editor, True Men Stories, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Last name will be omitted on request.

### THE CONFEDERACY

Editor: "The Vile Raid That Disgraced the Confederacy" was an excellent and authentic article, and I hope that in the future you'll print more of Mr. Stone's work. For those who are interested in what finally happened to Quantrill, he died of a gunshot wound in June, 1865, and is buried in Louisville, Kentucky. Your magazine is one of the few that publish the true facts. Keep up the good work.

P. Repar  
Gary, Ind.

Editor: I well remember the Quantrill raid of Lawrence and greatly enjoyed it. Lawrence was settled by paid free-staters sent in by the Eastern churches, and the women were the most snooty, self-righteous and stuck-up dames you ever saw. Quantrill changed that, and as soon as he was gone we young bucks donned masks and finished the job with the women. Everybody blamed this on Quantrill. The surprising thing was, a week after the raid, the women of Lawrence were actually acting human. I'm an old man now — just past 116 — but I still brag about how we youths and the Quantrill gang "reformed" the women of Lawrence.

Rev. H. T. Sykes  
Lawrence, Kansas

Editor: Regarding "The Vile Raid That Disgraced the Confederacy," William Quantrill was ambushed on Salt River in Spencer County, Kentucky, not Spencer County, Missouri.

H. L. Derry  
Taylorsville, Ky.

Editor: Regarding the letter from your New Orleans reader who said that you "slander" the South with your articles about the Confederacy, I would like to point out that Confederate chivalry and graciousness no longer exists, if it ever did. When we moved South from California, I dated some of these "Southern gentlemen." I have never seen such a display of bad manners and morals. I think it would be a good idea for these Rebels to look around them. If this is gracious living, I want no part of it.

Miss D.  
Lake Charles, La.

### FIRE IN TEXAS

Editor: Your article, "The Day It Rained Fire in Texas," gave the date of the fire as July 5, 1953, which is incorrect. The true date was June 5, 1953. No one knows this better than I. My daughter-in-law and two grandchildren were victims of the tragedy along with Mrs. Barziza.

C. H. Walton  
Port Arthur, Texas

### CALLING TRUE MEN

Editor: I have just read Joseph Le Baron's article. Believe me, Mr. Le Baron, American men are not sissies even though a good many of them sensibly let their wives handle the money in the family. Why shouldn't they? Some sensible men realize they can't handle money themselves and rightfully delegate the responsibility to their wives. Another point. Ever since the end of the World War you writers have been condemning American women and upholding women of other countries. How about saying something good about us for a change?

Mrs. B. Stephen  
Columbus, Ga.

Editor: Joseph Le Baron's article has me wondering whether American women really know what they want. I seriously doubt it. How can you satisfy a woman if she herself doesn't know what she wants? I think that American women have made American men into money-making fiends. Men are too busy making money — to keep women satisfied — to have time for anything else. Also, if women know so much about love making, why don't they teach us men? I, for one, am ready, willing and able to learn.

R. Lyons  
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Editor: From his article, I would judge Joseph Le Baron to be any of the following: an only child; the youngest in a large family; or the only male in a family of girls. In his article he sounds like a child crying because his cake is gone. Did Mr. Le Baron marry to have a second mother, a female slave, or a combination of the two? I think he's in the wrong

(Continued on page 44)

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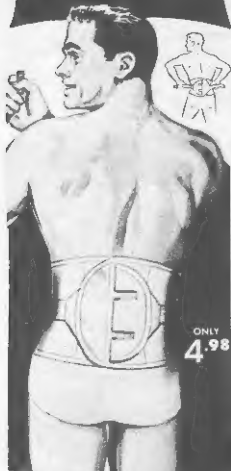
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by I. H. HARRIS, M.D.



**DON'T LET ANXIETY RUIN YOUR SEX LIFE**

SEVERAL months ago a patient I'll call Peter T. came to me for his regular physical checkup. As we chatted before the examination, Peter told me sadly that he thought his marriage was about to break up.

I was greatly surprised, since Peter, who is twenty-seven, had married a charming and intelligent girl several years ago, and I had always thought their marriage was a successful one. But I had been greatly mistaken.

"We don't get along sexually, Doctor," Peter told me. "It was wonderful for the first year, but since then I haven't been able to satisfy her. Many nights I just don't feel any desire at all. It's ruining our marriage, Doctor. And I don't understand it."

Neither did I, at the moment. But as both the examination and our conversation proceeded, I began to understand the cause of Peter's trouble.

He was suffering from extreme fatigue brought on by the pressures of business. Peter holds a fairly responsible job in a large corporation, and not long after his marriage he was given a substantial raise and a promotion. I discovered that in the past six months his blood pressure had risen alarmingly, he had lost nearly ten pounds, and his muscle tone was extremely poor.

I asked him whether he had any reason for unusual worry. He said, "Well, I suppose my job keeps me pretty busy, Doctor. I've got a lot of men under me whom I have to worry about, and there are a couple of fellows out gunning for my job if I ever make a bad mistake. Besides, I know that in my position I have to keep moving up. If I stay where I am in the company, it's as bad as being demoted."

I EXPLAINED to Peter that he was suffering from hypertension brought on by anxiety. Spending long hours brooding about his job was robbing him of sleep and of health. And, furthermore, he was caught in a particularly vicious kind of trap.

The state of anxiety he was in was seriously affecting his sexual performance. His body had become run-down from worry and fatigue, and, therefore, he was physically less capable of the sexual act than he had been

when he was a newlywed. Your sex powers are directly related to your physical well-being! Peter's health had declined—and with that decline had come a sharp drop in his sexual abilities.

But to complicate matters, the loss of virility was causing him to worry even further, this time about his marriage—causing more anxiety, and yet another loss of virility! It was a vicious circle. Worry about his job brought about lack of sexual vitality, and worrying about that brought about a further lack of vitality!

Peter was startled and depressed when I explained these things to him. But the situation was far from insoluble. As a start, I called in Peter's wife and discussed the matter with her, showing how her tolerance and warm sympathy could do much to reduce her husband's state of tension. She immediately agreed to do all she could to help him.

Next, I prescribed a tranquilizing drug for Peter to take temporarily. Tranquilizers must not be used as a permanent source of relief from tension, but they are extremely valuable in short-range alleviation of anxiety. After a week on the "happy pills," Peter had made tremendous strides forward; his body, off balance for so long, had recovered much of its vitality. I made it clear to him that the rest was up to him. He would have to develop habits of relaxation and tension-relieving, or else anxiety would not only shatter his sex-life but would ultimately carry him to an early grave.

PETER'S case is not at all unusual among young men. In today's complicated and confusing world, a man in his twenties is faced with an awesome number of decisions which will shape his entire life. Problems of education, military service, marriage, employment, and finances seem to arise almost constantly. Our times have truly been called "The Age of Anxiety!"

No wonder that many of our young men are troubled by tension and fatigue. But few of them are aware of the direct influence this state of fatigue has on their sexual vitality. A worry-wart may easily find himself



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in such a state of "nerves" that he cannot make love at all—or, just as bad, that when he does attempt the act of love his nervous system will play him false, causing the premature ejaculation of sperm that is so frustrating and disappointing to his partner. Naturally, this situation may quickly lead to the breakup of what has been a happy marriage.

One fact not often taken into mind is that extreme anxiety not only affects the sexual performance, but it may have grave effects on fertility itself. The subject of psychological sterility is not yet fully understood by medical science—yet it is abundantly clear that a man in a state of nervous tension may become sterile thereby. Here, again, a vicious-circle effect enters the picture. I can cite the case of Allan and Betty, a young couple who had been married for three years and did not have children. They were subjected to several comprehensive physical examinations and each time it was discovered that they were perfectly healthy and that there was, physically speaking, no reason in the world why they should not have children. Yet despite the encouraging medical reports, it remained impossible for Betty to become pregnant.

THIS went on for two years, until both Allan and Betty decided it was hopeless, that they would never have children of their own. Having reached this conclusion, they were on the verge of arranging to adopt a child—when suddenly Betty became pregnant!

What had happened was that some mysterious psychological factor had caused sterility in Allan and Betty. But, as soon as they ceased to worry about their inability to have a child, the psychological barriers disappeared and pregnancy resulted. We do not completely understand the role that the mind plays in fertility. But certainly this case and hundreds like it demonstrate that worry and fatigue can prevent conception.

Don't think that tranquilizers will provide a magic pill to take away your worries, either. Tranquilizers are useful—in their place. But if you suffer from high inner tension that robs you of full sexual potency or fertility, you must approach the problem on the most basic level. You must teach yourself how to relax. Cultivate hobbies and friends, learn to place your worries in their true perspective, seek advice from your doctor or a minister of your religious faith. Don't let yourself get "hopped up" on nervous energy. You'll be doing yourself—and your wife—a great favor. Calm down, steady yourself, and you'll not only live longer but enjoy life more. ■

## WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE?

THE wonder drug Cortisone, used now chiefly in the treatment of arthritis, has been discovered to have

a new and unusual use. It can save the lives of people suffering shock from massive bleeding. Dr. John E. Connolly of Stanford University, who has been conducting tests with the hormone-type drug, says that intravenous Hydrocortisone gets startling results in cases of hemorrhagic shock "when given quickly after the shock stage and in large doses." Fifty dogs were placed in a state of "irreversible" hemorrhagic shock, and all those that received intravenous Cortisone within half an hour showed remarkable recovery. Of the animals given no injection or an injection later than thirty minutes after the critical point, 85% died.

A PILL capable of cutting the effects of a dose of radiation in half may soon be available for experimental use on human beings. The compound is known as AET, short for S,2-Amino-ethylisothiourea Bromide Hydrobromide. A one-gram dose of the compound is estimated to be capable of halving radiation effects that might otherwise be fatal. The chemical must be taken in advance of exposure to radiation, and helps to prevent damage to the blood and the blood-forming organs, thereby coping with the problem of Leukemia, or cancer of the blood cells, one of the chief results of exposure to atomic radiation.

A NEW type of anti-polio vaccine has been tested with great success in central Africa. Nearly 250,000 doses have been given by mouth in the Belgian Congo, and after vaccination no cases of polio have been reported at all in an area where the disease once was common. The new vaccine differs from the Salk vaccine in that it contains live but diluted polio viruses. The viruses in the Salk vaccine are dead. The oral vaccine has the additional advantage of not requiring injections. After first tests on chimpanzees, whose blood is similar to human blood, it was decided to try the new vaccine on the Africans. It has also had scattered tests in the United States, but it will be several years before the vaccine can be proven reliable and safe for use in this country.

A CHEMICAL substance which is similar to the nitrogen mustard poison gas used in World War I has been found to inhibit the development of cancers and leukemia in experimental rats and mice, without harming healthy tissues. The chemical is identified currently as U-8344. Nitrogen mustard compounds have been used experimentally in cancer therapy for some time, but were found unsatisfactory because of their harmful side-effects. U-8344 has been chemically "tailored" to remove these side-effects, and can be administered in a convenient tablet form. ■

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# Calling TRUE MEN

by JOSEPH LEBARON

THE other day I picked up one of these digest-type magazines that publish provocative articles on just about everything without giving you any of the answers and read a couple of thousand words by a famous pay psychiatrist on what was wrong with this current rat-race we call civilization. What was wrong, according to this head-shrinker, was that we didn't pay enough attention to the refining, gentle influence of womankind. That's what he said. Refining. Gentle.

What I want to know is where this head-shrinker has been keeping him self these past years, because he sure as hell hasn't been around and about where he could observe what goes on. Maybe he is getting his curious ideas out of text books published some time in the last century. But I've got news for him. It is a long time since woman kind has been refined or gentle—if she ever was, and of that I have considerable personal doubts.

EVEN so, it's a popular notion that we guys have been suckered into believing over the years, like the myths about redheads being hot stuff and such like. Yet it hasn't any sound basis in fact or historical research of the kind that brings to light such sound rules of life as that the grape and the grain do not mix, and that you use beer to chase down a slug of brandy or wine to wash down a snort of bourbon you know very quickly that you have made a mistake. Those are basic rules for life that every man can learn for himself at an early age and usually does.

But this business of the presumed delicate gentility of the female is another matter, and has no more truth than can be found in a Hollywood gossip column or a politician's speech. And it makes us even bigger fall guys. It's bad enough that most of us males are so damned lazy mentally that we believe just about everything we hear or read, but it gets even worse when we fall into the habit of believing our own half-baked ideas. The women know we're easy suckers and so most of them help feed our male egos by pretending a weakness that is as phony as a TV western. Sure most of them scream at the sight of a mouse, for example, but so

does an elephant! And what does that prove?

It proves that most of us men don't know from nothing when it comes to judging what is sometimes called the opposite sex—and this is not the time or place to go into just how opposite that sex can be most times.

Take a good look at the historical record if you don't believe me. Left to her own devices, woman is just about as gentle as a buzz saw on a rampage. Did you ever see a horde of females fighting, mauling, kneeling, scratching, kicking and elbowing to get a favored position at a bargain counter—and the best place to see it is from a distance or better yet on a closed TV circuit. It is a sight that would make a pro wrestler turn jelly green with horror and take to the hills. Yet every once in a while some fuzzy dome steps forward and says that if women ruled the world we would have less warfare.

And that's another myth for no reason. When it comes to doing battle, legal or otherwise, women have done all right over the ages. The Amazons weren't exactly noted as being refined, gentle females. They would sooner chop a man's head off as look at him and usually did.

Which is only natural, for when you come right down to it the average female is more bloodthirsty than the male any day of the week. Next time you go to a wrestling match take a quick house count. You'll find the women spectators outnumber the men two-to-one and yell three times as loud for more action. Same thing at the fights where it is the refined, gentle female who screams her pretty little throat out for a bloody knock out. And ice hockey isn't any game for the timid, or even those with a ven to go on living in one piece, and there are usually at least three free-for-all brawls in every game with no females barred, all of which keeps the female spectators coming back for more.

AND it isn't just that the girls get A their kicks out of watching and cheering on such bloody mayhem. They can play just as mean and dirty themselves as witness the roller

(Continued on page 77)

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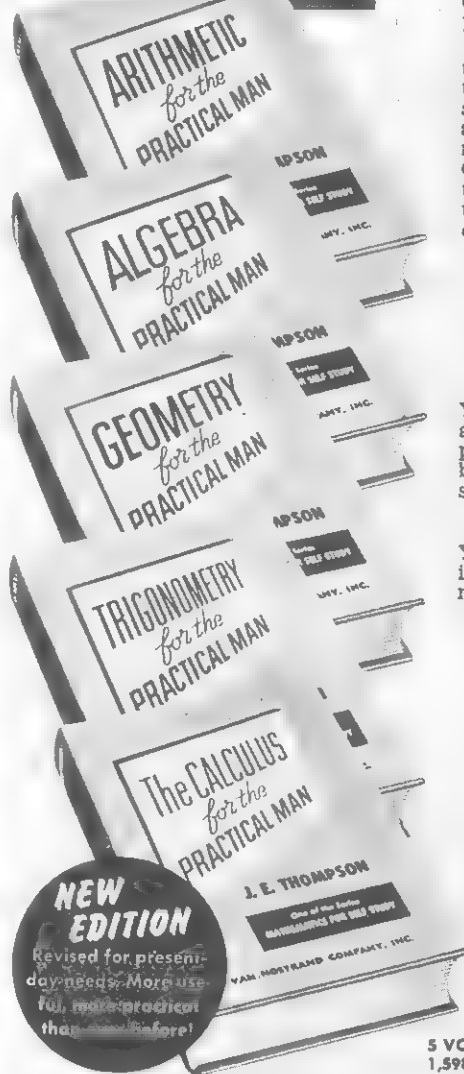
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**by GENE CHANNING**

**T**HE Wendley, Madame," the chauffeur announced as he halted the carriage. "The gentleman lives on the third floor, Robert Sands."

Exquisitely dressed in a clinging black velvet gown and a mink cape casually draped about her shoulders, Arielle Shriver stepped from her four-horse Bristol Paer and paused momentarily in the shadows of the drab apartment hotel on Thirty-first Street.

"I'm going to have a long heart-to-heart talk with the young man," Arielle Shriver told the chauffeur. "Don't wait for me, George."

The faintest suggestion of a smile suddenly appeared in the watery blue eyes of Mrs. Richard Shriver's oldest, most trusted employee. The chauffeur saluted and clicked his tongue for the four elegant horses, and they pranced away toward Park Avenue.

And it was then that Arielle Shriver, stunning, shapely, French born brunette married to one of Gotham's wealthiest duffers, pursed her full, rufescent lips.

expanded a magnificent set of bosoms, and set forth on another of her fabulous adventures. The black-eyed, black-haired, thirty-six-year-old mother of one of the season's top debutantes briefly considered her elder daughter Margharite's latest suitor: no money, no social position, probably no artistic talent. . . but then again, Madame Shriver smiled engagingly *c'est possible!* Young Robert Sands did have a couple of things to recommend him, of course—an absolutely marvelous physique in a bathing suit and, judging from her past experience, the sort of approach that women appreciated.

The considerations that mattered to many another society matron cut precious little ice with Arielle Shriver. Her own beginnings in Toulon were certainly humble enough. Money? Money was a necessary acquisition, an arrangement one might marry into if all the other ingredients were right. Robert Sands, the brunette ardently hoped, had other redeeming qualities. And as a woman first and a good mother second, Arielle Shriver had every intention of finding out. As she touched the bell, the brunette felt that old telltale glowing signal and, instinctively, she knew Robert Sands required a thorough investigation.

SANDS came to the door on the third ring, a tall, tapering, fascinating young man whose picture, Arielle thought, didn't do him justice. Sands was freshly shaved, in bathrobe. When he heard the name, Arielle Shriver, he just stood there with his mouth hanging open, blinking.

"I'm afraid I'm unprepared for this honor," Robert Sands stammered.

Arielle Shriver let the mink cape fall from her shoulders. Her smoldering black eyes fascinated Sands. She laughed softly and peeled her elbow-length white gloves and let them drop to the mink. She hooked a long white finger in the lapel of the bathrobe and reeled the artist in and smothered him with a long kiss.

IT was long hours later before the young painter could escape and catch his breath. Then the most magnificent nymphomaniac ever to touch these shores smiled. The artist was like a limp watch by Dail, and the subject had hazy thoughts of herself transmigrated into a lush Tahitian beach. Arielle fingered Sand's bulging biceps and whispered:



Arielle was eager to provide every service and comfort to her old but rich bridegroom.

"If you wish Margharite I shall approve the match—"  
Sands kissed the lovely dimpled, perspiring French cameo.

Sorry. Now that I know you darling, I couldn't begin to get interested in Margharite.

"Don't be crude!" the brunette snapped running a handful of claws down the painter's chest. Margharite is lovely."

Sands nodded. "Quite right. Very lovely. Like a gentle sea, Arielle—but too calm, too expressionless for my taste."

"You're certain—absolutely certain?"

"*Je suis fatigué, Arielle*," the painter yawned. I never thought there was anything like you since Gaul was divided in three parts.

"Then we won't speak again of Margharite!" the mother flashed happily. "*Je t'aime, mon petit* I'd better go."

"You'll be back soon, Arielle?"

"Sooner than you think!" the magnificent woman chuckled. Tonight after the Opera I'm involved in one of those charity benefits, but I'll duck out early, *amour*."

"Pity I can't join you," Sands blushed. "One tuxedo in hock. But there's champagne in the icebox let's celebrate discovering each other, Arielle."

THE long-legged, wide-hipped brunette arched her back and stretched her hands as far back as she could.

"I've already celebrated my discovery of the talented, charming, temporarily indigent Robert Sands," the brunette smiled squeezing on her gloves. "Tonight, cheri, I'll tell you some wonderful plans for us."

Sands grimaced. "Plaxx!" Sands asked dryly. "One needs the wherewithal, bountiful lady."

Sands draped the mink around the lady in black and stood there as muscular as a South Sea warrior. Passionately, desperately, Mrs. Richard Shriver—wife of one of New York's wealthiest realtors—kissed her latest acquisition adieu. Robert Sands dragged himself back to bed. He couldn't sleep and he couldn't think of anything except the eye of hurricane just departed. He found a cigar, on the night table and lit it, staring a moment at strange, female handwriting.

"Twenty thousand dollars was deposited in Chase National under your name this morning, *amour*. I'd intended giving it to you with the understanding that you'd stay away from Margharite! Just from her description of you and your picture that I found in her purse, I knew you were not right for her. But I sensed, hoped and prayed you were right for me—and you are! So spend the money as you will and, as originally intended, leave Margharite to the dull society boys who are more her type. But leave yourself to me. . ."

ARTIST Sands lived a rather strange existence for the next six months. He lived in a plush-lined suite in the Astor Hotel, one of many compliments of his sponsor, and occasionally he'd find the energy to put lower Manhattan on canvas. As long as his health held out, Robert Sands spent the average 24-hour day thusly: Ten hours privately with Arielle; three hours social whirling with Arielle; three hours exercising with heavy weights; one hour road work in Central Park or Gramercy Park and seven hours—with an occasional deduction of a few minutes for the brush—for sleep. The strain of trying to keep pace with Arielle, unhappily resulted in a case of pernicious anemia. Sands died in his sleep.

It was said—in utter seriousness and by persons who were in a good position to know the entire story—that the bountiful brunette mourned her loss as though young Sands were a first love. Assuredly he was not. It was further said that Arielle Shriver in her quiet, poised way, gave the ardent painter her 21-gun devotion to the last.

Reposing in a celebrated parlor on upper Madison Avenue where many of the city's greats have lain in



state, Robert Sands constant companion was the chic, blackgarbed millionaire who dutifully dabbed her pretty black eyes for most of two days. But true to form, the abrupt appearance of a fine upstanding blonde mortician with carnation-in-outaway and a roving eye despite his occupation, inspired Arielle to new heights. The name of this gent is lost to history but his attentiveness to the luscious mourner was not.

In her gold-embossed diary, Mrs. Shriver duly noted: "I suppose it was sacrilegious of us, but it seemed a pity for me to remain idle. The flowers were intoxicating. The mortician was a colossal disappointment. No, it seemed a dreadful pity that Sands was truly gone."

**T**HE Rabelaisian escapades of Arielle Buissant Salan Shriver could fill a book the size of Kinsey's. Unfortunately for scientific researchers, the magnificent nymphomaniac's daughters thought it best to incinerate the document some years later. But there were other members of the family (Shriver is a pseudonym, of course) who felt more kindly disposed to biographers and were delighted to exhume some facts, figures-of-conquest and true accounts in the fabulous life of the notorious Mrs. Shriver.

It was in 1900 that Arielle the Bountiful reached the pinnacle of success as a party giver and international hostess whose soirees were the talk of both continents, and whose guest lists included royalty, the A-liste monde of society, literature and the sporting world.

The Twentieth Century was two days old when E. K. Rutledge, dean of New York's society columnists, observed in *The Herald* "that the charming extraordinarily beautiful, talented and apparently inexhaustible Arielle Shriver has taken her rightful place as the nation's—nay, the world's leading hostess."

The use of the word *leading* albeit was strained to the breaking point when, not long after that particular encomium appeared in the press, Arielle led a parade of box crabs aboard a liner for a monthlong Caribbean cruise that for sheer, uninterrupted ribaldry and unbridled hell-raising has never remotely been approached by the Maestris, Annastopoules or Farouks of later vintage. The ball, was bounced by Arielle and gravity rolled it along right from the start at breakneck velocity.

Even before the ship cleared Ambrose Channel that epochal Saturday night of her sailing, Arielle ordered up her own masquerade *box voyage* party. Her guests numbered seventy men and forty-seven women accommodated in the required number of splendid Victorian cabins on A Deck, all of which was billed to Madam. Two orchestras played continuous music, and a battery of stewards served champagne, whiskey and cocktails with the trains of *boots* pheasant-under-glass and coldcuts bringing up the rear, but seemingly never stopping.

Arielle was of course the guest of honor and so it was she—as hostess—who set the pace. She appeared at the inaugural ball in a flowing white gown that fell from her lovely shoulders with the impact of a broad side fired at six feet.

Spotlighted in a luxurious golden jelly, Arielle and the still living Archduke Ferdinand glided across the magnificent dance floor in what started out to be a waltz. As the last bars of the melodic song ended, Arielle raised her arms above her diamond tiara, wiggled naughtily and whirled away from the dandy continental whose assassination not long after would be used as the excuse for World War I.

The spotlight framed her like a gilded lily as she writhed, eyes closed, moaning to the strange beat of the tango. Then the white gown fell from her shoulders uncovering her shapely body. The "*ole!* bravo!" and stamping of feet were instantaneous and deafening. Arielle whirled and then, slowly, sinuously crawled along the floor to the man of her choice. Dressed as the Devil, the dashing Juan Calderon of Spain's royal family, grabbed the brunette and enveloping her in his



The party stopped when the ship hit a reef and the tea started to pour into the cabin.

cape, whirled around the dance floor to the accompaniment of more deafening applause.

It was Arielle's signal for merriment, and everybody else in the glittering room followed suit. As the laughter and female squeals mounted, the music swelled to a monumental crescendo and the dancers became possessed as savages in jungle ritual. And when the music crashed to wild silence on the last note, Arielle and her Devil were oblivious of time and place.

Thus began thirty riotous days. The party never stopped. Arielle chose another beau and another and another and so on into the week. The parade of drunken men and women was as ceaseless as the cargo of liquor they consumed. But Arielle Shriver truly the hostess with the mostest was happy. She had her friends dashing about the decks, fighting mock duels, ducking for apples to win her kisses.

Probably it was the only time in maritime history that shuffleboard winners received girls as their prizes. And the only time in maritime history that virtually an entire deckload of passengers remained drunk twenty-four hours a day. The first ball was "*Bon Voyage*," the second, attended by the captain and his leading officers was "*Vive La France!*" At the end of the second week, Arielle was too filled with *joy de vivre* as she romped around the salon like a college cheerleader, urging her guests to continue the holiday spirit and revelry.

Her admirers steadily swelled to include all members of the crew off watch, and all tourists with the capacity for—as she laughingly called it—"the voyage of a life time."

Frank Henney cable editor (Continued on page 58)



The party stopped when the ship hit a reef  
and the sea started to pour into the cabin.

# I WAS A *Screaming*

The blast stripped me naked and flames swallowed me — I stood on charred corpses

"FIRE!" The bridge speaker erupted like a banshee. "Fire in the electrician's panel, Captain! On the double—"

It was over fast for the thirty-five men trapped below. A three million dollar tanker became a flaming roffin half a minute after the speaker tube erupted at my elbow. Thirty-seven men were on deck, on the dock and behind the bridge in a working party. The fire was electrical. By rights it should've been extinguished with foamite. But some unthinking seaman got his hands on a hose and cut loose a stream. My ship, SS *Vueltag*, suddenly groaned, writhed and heaved up from her dock space.

In her engine rooms, a muffled roar was followed up by a loud, prolonged crack! Columns of thick black smoke funneled up through twisted deck plates. A sheet of flame spiraled up hundreds of feet into the halcyon Caribbean morning. I was just securing the General Alarm when concussion blew me off the bridge ladder over the side, but because *Vueltag* was my ship I saw it my duty to swim back and try to save her. It was hardly a bright stunt to do, but there were other damned fools aboard and, if nothing else, somebody had to order them off.

IT was August 20, 1945. *Vueltag* was standing off the depleted storage tanks at Port Royal, Jamaica, pumping the first of 50,000 gallons of high octane. Emergency job. Special delivered by the Grace of God and at mercy rates. Two days before, Jamaica had been battered by the worst hurricane in the island's history. The dead numbered upwards of 150. Floating corpses, debris and derelict hulls scummed the harbor waters.

One hour after we docked, the first of three mercy ships in, we had lines ashore and were pumping. The newspaper men were gone. But the pilot was still aboard. A small, wiry, red-eyed gent in khaki shorts, the Jamaican was telling my Chief Engineer and me how it had been during the blow. He seemed philosophical as hell for a man who'd lost his home.

"Guess we got complacent. (Continued on page 44)

In moments the runaway inferno spread through the ship, trapping the shrieking, doomed crew.

# HUMAN TORCH

shrieking and screaming — trapped in the devil's own inferno

by CAPTAIN  
JOHN  
McFARLAND

AS TOLD TO  
J. J. LEWIS



# **"I KILLED 101 MEN"**



He was wounded and alone, stealing food and guns—fighting and killing—carving a hole in the enemy line that turned an island into a cemetery for dead Japs—

# TO GO FREE

by ROBERT MOORE

**S**QUATTING in the clearing at the edge of the island, their machine gun pointing into the jungle, the Japanese patrol waited impatiently for the flatbarge to return and carry them across the glassy expanse of Kolombangara Gulf to Enogai. All day the patrol had hunted for the Americans reported on the atoll. Now, bored and annoyed by the fruitless search, they listened to their lieutenant, a short, flat-nosed Regular officer, sullenly berate the higher authority that had sent them on a fool's mission.

The sun was low, a burnished ball of flame that turned the beach beneath their bare feet to white hell. Still, their shoes remained off. The flatbarge was due before nightfall, and they had no desire to waste a moment wading out. The lieutenant chain-smoked, occasionally glancing over his shoulder at the deep green verdure of the small atoll. It was, the lieutenant observed, a despicable way of serving the Emperor.

An hour later, when the flatbarge from Enogai still hadn't crossed the outer bar to the island, the Jap lieutenant jerked his long samurai sword and smacked the flat of the blade across the back of the nearest soldier. The man turned green, but remained obediently seated. Then the lieutenant kicked a coconut with his bare foot and hopped around, howling. In Japanese he ranted, "Americans! There are no Americans within a hundred miles of this Godforsaken place . . ."

To say the least, he was wrong.

**C**ROUCHED in the vegetation a few yards from the Japanese patrol, Lieutenant Hugh Miller, survivor of the USS *Strang*, sunk on July 4, 1943, one month before, waited in pained silence for the intruders to do something. His only weapon was a length of wood. Internal injuries suffered during the sinking of the destroyer had weakened him, and dysentery compounded his helplessness.

There had been, originally, four survivors of the 2,100-ton DD, but at Miller's insistence the others had trekked away through the jungle of Arundel Island in the vain hope of returning with help. Miller, during that time, had bunkered himself in during his moments of strength. He'd learned the island and the immediate vicinity of the beach. He could, with impunity, crawl to within a grenade throw of an enemy patrol and remain concealed.

The only trouble, he told himself grimly, was that they had the grenades while he had a hunk of wood. Living off coconuts, raw fish and wild berries had barely kept him alive, and he was in no shape even for a former quarterback—to take on twelve Japs bare-

handed. He lay in the fronds, blinking sullenly at the jagged coral hump from which sound suddenly emanated.

Then the Jap lieutenant jumped up and raced out into the coral flat, abandoning the gun for a moment. Standing on the flat, squinting at the approaching vessel, they suddenly froze in their movements and dashed back toward the gun. Miller grinned tensely and dug in behind a coconut log, as good a bunker as the Japs themselves could construct.

The "barge" turned out to be a PT, racing down from Hawthorn Sound toward Munda. At the same time the flatboat from Enogai hove into sight. Then, all hell broke loose. The PT's forward 20's caught the flatbarge in a withering crossfire as it skimmed in toward the atoll. Miller cheered silently, watching the fiery arc of tracers raking down the wooden-hulled vessel, instantly turning it afire.

"Clobber the bastards!" a sailor waving his arms up forward in the PT screamed at his gunner. "Get the bastards there on the beach!"

**M**ILLER ducked as the first stuttering race of lead whipsawed into the jungle verdure around him. The twelve-man patrol screamed frantically over the sands toward their machine gun. The lieutenant impaled himself on his own sword when one of his men tripped him. The twelve-man patrol ended its living stay on Arundel Island quickly, a screaming, blood-spurting finish to the manhunt that never turned up even one American, let alone a ship full of survivors from the USS *Strang*.

But the PT turned away before Miller could race down to the beach to attract attention. He watched the flaming debris of the flatboat and then slowly dragged himself back to his nest. For the first time in a month Hugh Miller, former tin can engineering officer, had something to fight with. And that evening, August 2nd, he collected his arsenal.

**T**HERE were grenades, several rifles, one machine gun, and plenty of bayonets. In addition, scavenging brought food! Six tins of Jap beef weren't much by US standards, but they were a substantial improvement over the hill of fare offered by Arundel Island. Later that night Miller chanced his first fire. He thought about the PT as he ate and dragged himself into his make-shift lean-to. There are worse ways of fighting the war, he told himself, firmly. Then the ruggedly handsome thirty-year-old closed his eyes and slept.

In the morning, collecting his portable armory, Miller took a stroll down the beach looking for trouble. There was a difference now, a distinct difference—he had something to fight with. He had hope.

The first thing he found was a Jap corpse. With shoes. They fit. So did the Jap's uniform, which Miller quickly pulled off. His own uniform (Continued on page 62)

He tossed grenade after grenade at the Jap patrol, leaving a heap of shattered bodies.

# CRUSHED BY EIGHT GIANT ARMS OF HELL

Huge tentacles wrapped around me sucking my flesh raw, squeezing the air from my lungs — I hacked at the long arms as I was dragged into the clacking beak — fish bait

by C. S. LOOMIS

AS TOLD TO ROGER MILLER

DEATH came out of a sloppy cross-chop of the Humboldt Current; a giant squid came to feed on the bait washing across a sandbar Maggie and I were the bait. The boat was hung up with a fouled propeller shaft and Maggie was passing me wrenches. I was in the water; Maggie was half in, but then death came with the tide and changed things all around.

As it loomed like a mountain of mottled green seaweed I watched it in silent terror. At ten yards, the polyp head bore around and up so that the great black bulb with its parrot beak faced us. Maggie couldn't move. Suddenly a mass of pus-yellow tentacles like thick snakes uncoiled and waved hundreds of contracting suction cups over the boat. Still too terrified to move, the lush Chilean blinked uncomprehendingly as I shouted

"How away! Throw me the knife and row away, Maggie!"

A dollop of water hit the brunette like a stinging whiplash as the sea churned wildly and the squid submerged. As always, the brunette snapped back to her winning ways. Black eyes flashing seductively, she cupped her hands and moved them slowly down the lengths of both lovely legs.

"He couldn't take it, amour!" she laughed. "Too much Maggie for the killer!"

Too busy to think about The Body, I had a thousand pound squid to contend with and

my mind wasn't concerned with smart-Alec comebacks. Maggie was lovely, but all body and precious little brains except when she had reason to use them. The sexy daughter of one of Chile's top politicians she suddenly let out a peal of laughter and patted the boat seat.

"*Aqui, amorito!*" the brunette called. "Here it is safer and more comfortable—" She crouched at the gunwale, both bare arms extended. It was a weird but charming way of coming in for a three-point landing, and Maggie was up to her snuff again. She bit my ear and grabbed my face, the heat of passion still boiling in her despite the threat of oblivion. "*Tu eres mi hombre!*"

A LAUNCH makes as good a rendezvous as any, given the right set of circumstances. Having fished with the lady for some time, I knew there was very little I could do to keep her from tearing my shirt off. Actually, she did tear it off. I was looking at the beach in that moment, the redolent, white Indian beach south of Iquique where local marlin fishermen were mending their dories along the water's edge. To them, Margharite Geunero Correritas was a sketch, a magnificent *dama* who broke all the rules and who loved in small boats drifting over sandbars.

But this was one time I didn't get to satisfy the brunette. The sea suddenly exploded in a welter of kindling. Green tentacles and a double end-over had my brunette and me in water that was waist deep, but fast and surging. (Continued on page 44)

Maggie's cries rang in my ears as I tried to cut this squeezing death loose from us.





# BEAT THEM TILL THEY DIE

The killer with the sadistic streak isn't satisfied with just murder — he enjoys punishing his victim and with ghoulish pleasure watches him squirm before dying



Catherine McGemly's crushed, blood-drenched body and face showed horrible violence of her death.



Jerry Burns suffered savage assault from her killer, who left her broken body in a Los Angeles lot.

## by ERIC GREYWOOD

THE kid who discovered the body got sick all over the place but managed to make it to a phone and choke out the simple, undetailed news that he'd stumbled across a naked dead woman in a clump of palmetto. The cop at the other end of the phone tried to drag more information out of him, but beyond describing the location of the body the boy couldn't go. He dropped the receiver and reeled out of the booth and got sick all over again, just remembering.

An hour later, as he looked down at the body, Chief Deputy Sheriff John Tyler could understand the youngster's reluctance to lead him and his staff back to the scene of the crime. The case-hardened head of the Dade County Fla. Criminal Identification Bureau closed his eyes and shuddered, then knelt down to examine the multitude of wounds that added up to murder.

"It's the most brutal, the most sadistic murder that I have ever seen," he told reporters later, and what he saw was a superbly-built redhead lying on her back and wearing nothing but a pair of open-toed shoes. It was hard to say whether she'd ever been pretty or not, for her face was pummeled lopsided, and was additionally swollen as a result of the black belt garroting her neck. Her wrists were tied together behind her neck with strips of her black-and-white dress, and her scraped and bloody elbows jutted out to make a grotesque frame for her face. Her whole torso was polka-dotted with dime-sized blisters and raw burns, and a litter of cigarette-butts around her body were clearly the instruments of torture. Only an autopsy could reveal what other horrors she'd been subjected to.

What turned out to be a stolen car was stuck in the sand not far away, and there were, of course, no recognizable footprints in such terrain. The victim's shredded dress was found near the car, and her bloody brassiere hung on a palmetto branch along the trail of crushed sawgrass over which her body had been dragged.

By Tuesday, Dec. 9, 1962, two days after her discovery, the police found out that her name was Ruby Colvin, of Hollywood, Fla., and she'd been more or less missing from home since Friday night. When her husband was asked why he hadn't reported her absence to Missing Persons, he replied that Ruby was the wandering sort and was periodically absent for days at a time.

Ruby had been quite a girl, and her last day on earth was a dilly. At thirty-two she was the mother of a daughter six years old and another six weeks old, and her life was complicated by the fact that she was an alcoholic with errant feet, wayward desires, and a roving eye. When she was sober she was very, very good, but when she got drunk she was Trouble.

On Friday night, her husband said, Ruby returned home around ten after taking her daughter, six, to a carnival in West Hollywood. Everyone went to bed shortly afterwards, but when the husband was awakened at 1:30 A.M. by the baby's crying, he found that Ruby had gotten up and dressed and left the house. From that point on it was up to the police to trace her movements and reconstruct her last fatal hours.

It wasn't difficult, up to a point. After stopping at a few bars along the way, Ruby went back to the carnival and made a pitch for one of the pitchmen she'd eyed earlier in the evening. He took her for a round of the bars, he told the police, but left her after she'd gotten herself drunk on boiler-makers and somehow fomented a fight wherever they landed.



Feet of Emiko Yamada, teen-aged Nisei girl, protrude from furnace where killer put her.

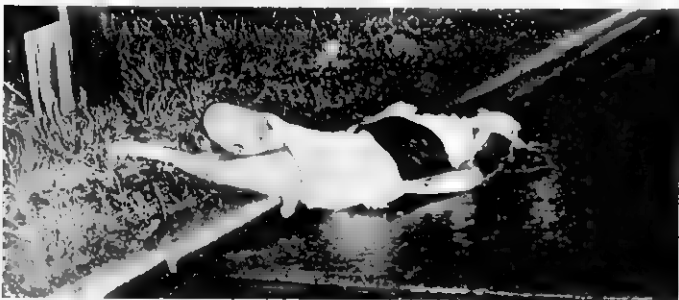
SHE soloed to another bar in West Hollywood, where the police picked up her trail and learned from the bartender that she'd been quickly picked up by a customer, and just as quickly, a fight started over her. When two men went outside to slug it out for proprietary rights to the redhead, Ruby wandered off to another bar, where she fell asleep unnoticed in a booth in the back. She was discovered by the day bartender the next morning, from whom the hung-over beauty ordered a couple of quick, life-saving boilermakers. Once again she started wandering.

Saturday's a fine drinking day for a pretty lush, because it's the day after pay-day and men are in a holiday mood. Seeing the sexy redhead, they got ideas about motels and "picnics" on lonely beaches, and Ruby was ready for anything as long as liquor went with it. By 11 A.M. she'd said yes to a couple of pretty blunt propositions, but forgot them just as fast as she'd accepted them. By this time she'd reached a bar on 73rd Street in Miami, which was in the vicinity of the spot from which the Ford sedan, discovered near the murder scene, had been reported stolen.

The proprietress of the bar said that Ruby had arrived at her place accompanied by a young sailor. They left together, and the next witnesses to her wanderings were a couple of gas-station attendants across the way. They whistled at her, they told the police, just as she started to get into the Ford sedan with the sailor. Her reaction to the whistles was slightly surprising. Giggling, she faced them, and suddenly lifted her skirts high over her head, and proudly exhibited her streamlined chassis. Then she got into the car, waved, and drove off with the sailor.

The sailor was going to be a hard man to find, Chief Deputy Tyler realized, because the description of a tall, young, thin, wavy-haired blond would fit many sailors, and in Dade County alone there were half a dozen naval stations with complements of thousands. Besides, Miami was a furlough town, and the sailor could have come off any of a dozen ships berthed in Florida, or from just about any naval station in the South. Tyler proceeded to check out all sailors who'd been on pass or on furlough that weekend, as well as the AWOL characters.

THINGS were pretty futile for a while as one possible suspect after another turned up with an alibi. But at last, from the skipper of the attack transport *Taubas*, on maneuvers off Puerto Rico, came a report that a sailor answering the killer's description had been left



Body of Eleanor Mollier was found on wet parkway; she was mauled and pushed from speeding car.



Police examine body of brutally beaten and stabbed girl found in a New York City park.



Bloodied, battered body of Mabel Monahan was found on floor of ransacked house.

behind in Miami to face charges for attacking another woman. The *Thuban's* crewman was named Wilbur J. Whaitte, Jr., and if it weren't for the fact that he was probably in prison he'd make a logical suspect. Tyler investigated anyway.

Whaitte wasn't, as it turned out, in prison. Because he'd been bailed out for civil, not military, charges, he'd been free on the weekend of the murder. Tyler had him arrested and questioned, and after four harried hours the young sailor confessed to the torture-slaying.

A strange gleam lighted his eyes as he described Ruby's last moments among the living. No one, apparently, could have been livelier.

"I drove out with her in the car I'd stolen until I came to this god-forsaken spot along Highway 7, and I turned off and drove until my car got stuck in the sand. 'She said she was feeling kind of sexy,' Whaitte went on, 'and so we got out and walked over among the palmettos. She took off her clothes and started dancing around in the nude. She was a beauty all right, and I made a grab for her and she danced away—a real teaser."

"Finally I caught her and threw her to the ground and she was laughing like it was great fun. I kissed her and well, you know—and she made out like she was enjoying everything when she suddenly bit me and knoed me. I got mad as hell—I just blew my stack and started to rough her up and damned if she didn't enjoy it. But suddenly she started to fight again and I choked her with her belt and then she was dead. After that I was still mad and that's when I burned her with the cigarettes."

It was a good story, but the medical evidence refuted him, as did some of the physical evidence. If she'd taken off her own dress, how come it was ripped? Why were her hands tied behind her head? Besides this, the doctors who autopsied the body said that Ruby had been

criminally assaulted and the burns had been administered while she was alive. And so Tyler reconstructed a true and fiendish scene of the sailor pinning her down while he stubbed out burning cigarettes after burning cigarettes on her torso while she screamed, finally passing out in agony. Then he choked her to death with her belt and ran away.

It was this picture, and not Whaitte's that the jury believed when the sadistic sailor came to trial. He was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment in Radford Penitentiary for the crime. Circuit Judge N. Vernon Hawthorne called "without parallel in Florida for horror, gruesomeness, and brutality."

**A**LTHOUGH it's an age-old truism that crime doesn't pay, murder certainly has its rewards for pathological characters like Whaitte. The average murder is short, quick, and impulsive, with the killer knocking off his object of hatred with as much dispatch as possible. But there are the killers who like to savor the moment, the ones who like to make death linger a while so that pain can have its moments.

Killers like these refuse even to permit the body to have any dignity in death, but desecrate it afterwards by adding blows, knife thrusts, and superfluous bullets to mess it up some more. Like necrophiles who fall in love with the dead, these sadists get spine-tingling thrills from mutilating the corpse and reveling in the gore.

When Emiko Yamada, a lovely and dainty sixteen-year-old Nisei girl, rejected the advances of a suitor in Vancouver, B.C., he sadistically wreaked his revenge on her. He beat her to death, then partially dismembered her, and bent, and twisted, and stuffed her fragile body into a tiny furnace. Similarly, when Catherine McGlimly tried to protect her virtue, her irate attacker made her live a lingering death to

(Continued on page 64)

# THE Beautiful Rebel Traitor WHO WRECKED THE DEFENSE OF VICKSBURG

She had dedicated herself to help win the war — no danger too great — no price too much to pay — she was ready to give herself — her life for any rebel secret

by DICK HALVORSEN

THE sultry Creole parted her sheer silk dressing gown to a peekaboo gap and walked slowly up alongside the Confederate officer who was laying out an assortment of uniforms and glistening new jackboots on her canopy bed. She smiled to herself as he studiously averted her eyes, and she reflected that it was a unique experience indeed to be alone with a man in a hotel room and find he was interested in something else besides herself.

When Pauline Cushman turned Union spy, the sexy belle of New Orleans never dreamt there'd come a night when a Rebel quartermaster would be outfitting her with a uniform to make her furtive operations easier. But the handsome Capt. Blackman had swallowed her story about her search for her dear brother, unheard from since he'd been drafted into an unknown Confederate regiment, and swore he'd do anything to help her.

"I hope one of these outfits will fit you," Miss Pauline, he said. "They're the smallest sizes we have in stores." "You're just too sweet, captain," she said in her husky drawl. "Now you go over by the door and turn your back while I try these things on." She giggled. "And don't you dare turn around, mind!"

As Blackman took his stolid about-face stance, Pauline slipped out of her dressing gown and stood naked beside the bed. She pulled a few pins out of her gleaming, blue-black hair and it tumbled in waves to her waist. Then she tried on one after another of the trou-

pers, finally finding a pair which fitted snugly every-where but at the waist, which she belted tight. The jackboots came next, and there was a pair she found comfortable. But when it came to the tunics, all were too large in the shoulders and sleeves. When she'd buttoned herself into the smallest of these she took a look in the pier glass and made a face.

"You may turn around now, captain," she said, and as he turned to inspect her she smiled. "Not very spruce for a captain's aide, is it?"

Blackman eyed her judiciously. "You'd look lovely in anything, ma'am," he said, "but that tunic's going to have to be taken in quite a bit."

"That's what I thought," Pauline said. She knelt down suddenly and pulled her portmanteau out from under the bed and opened it. She took out a small sewing reticule, from which she extracted a tape-measure, and put it back. As she did she noticed what she sometimes called her "courage"—a bottle of liqueur whiskey—and pulled it out and proceeded to uncork it and pour sizable dollops into two tumblers which stood on her bedside table.

"Let us drink, captain," she laughed, "to the success of our venture." Blackman picked up his drink and they clinked glasses. "Let us hope no one discovers that the new aide you've enlisted is a woman."

BLACKMAN tossed his drink back and the wily Pauline insisted he have one more. Things may have been going her way, but she loved to clinch things once she had a man off balance.

"Since I'll have to get this uniform tailored to fit," Pauline said, "it looks like (Continued on page 56)



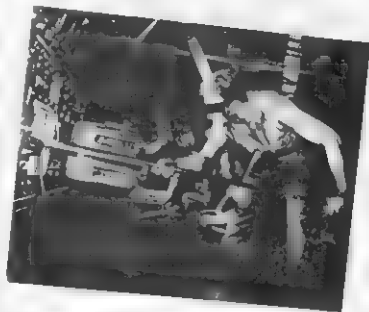
He promised not to look as he measured her for the uniform, but his hand trembled against her back.



Women attracted to brawny men soon learn the physique is a facade—a fake. Muscle men are a disappointing flop in romance—

# RUGGED WORKING MEN MAKE

## Inadequate Lovers



by EVELYN WHITMORE

EVERY so often in a cigarette or whiskey ad or in an action movie you'll see a sandhog, telephone lineman, trainman, truck driver, or construction worker flexing his muscles and looking manly. The unspoken suggestion in the ads and the outspoken statement in the films are that these men are virile as all get-out, and a delight to women.

It's a pitch that may find favor with those muscle-trade men themselves, and may even make white-collar workers envious, but the very suggestion leaves the girls laughing. They know that as lovers these men leave a lot to be desired.

Of course, as a female marriage counselor and psychological consultant I don't encounter the men of the "glamor" trades in their native habitat—the bars, men's clubs, and Legion halls where they drink and are prone to boast about their accomplishments with women. But from the picture reconstructed for me by their wives, and by some of the men themselves who come calling for psychological help, it is even better than being present as they try to brush. (Continued on page 66)



# THE MOB WAS *CRAZY*

The angry crowd punched and trampled me—pain stabbed my brain as my arms were

by **BORTON OBERMAYER**

**T**HE filthy, sweating mob was dragging, pushing, and mauling me as they surged like a tidal wave through the square yammering and screaming, "Hang them! Hang them!" Carried along with me on the raging tide were a couple of Lámey's, their clothes ripped to shreds and their faces puffed and bleeding like my own.

Blood trickled from welts and gashes all over their bodies and one of them shrieked as the mob pulled at his grotesque broken arm. One rioter had hold of my hair and others kicked and punched me from behind. Whenever I fell forward someone would knock me

erect with a chop under the nose and every once in a while an enraged woman would elbow through the mob to dig her fingernails into me and start more blood flowing.

Through the din I heard cries of alarm suddenly, and a moment later a squad of Cypriote cops and British paratroopers cascaded out of a side street firing shots into the air. They descended on the mob with truncheons and gun-butt's flailing, and the frightened yells increased and the wave seethed and broke as the rioters fell all over each other and stumbled toward the alleys and building entrances opening onto the square.

Instinctively I turned on the tormentor who'd had hold of my hair, suddenly summoning enough strength



In the confusion of the riot, the frenzied, uncontrolled mob trampled many of their own followers.

# FOR MY *BLOOD!*

being pulled from their sockets—I had become a live sacrifice in a revolution

to rip off his shirt and clutch onto his belt. He cursed and punched at me trying to get away, his eyes red with fear and hatred, his long black hair whipping upright as he tried to shake himself out of my grasp. Weakly I punched at him with the other hand and he swung at me with a clawed hand that ripped open my cheek. I had to let go of him and I fell to my elbows on the street just as a scattered rattle of gunfire came from the alleys where the mob was holed up.

**I** SAW a Cypriote cop jerk and pitch forward on his face and the next instant I heard a gasp from the rioter I'd just been fighting. I looked up and saw him contemplating with complete bewilderment a wound just above his navel where the blood now spouted out. As he sank to his knees the blood slopped out faster. He shifted his gaze from his wound to me, surprise still on his face. Suddenly, as the only close witness of his fate as death began to close in, I became his confidante.

"My own people—my own friends," he sobbed in English, "they shoot me—" He began to cough and spew blood, his eyes stretched enormously wide with fear, and a moment later his head thunked against the pavement as he fell dead. It was obvious that right up to the end he had figured, like any member of a mob, that he could do anything he wanted without getting hurt himself. Instead he became an anonymous casualty statistic, dying dismally amidst the cheers of the mob who were congratulating themselves for killing a cop.

**W**HEN I'd arrived in Cyprus forty-eight hours before and proceeded from the seaport of Famagusta to the inland capital of Nicosia, the atmosphere was entirely different. It was May 7, 1956, and an ominous quiet hung over the island. The driver and the passengers on the bus sat quiet and stony-faced and occasionally glanced at me with suspicion on the ride to the capital. When I got off at the terminal I found no taxis waiting, and I saw that many of the shops were shuttered.

I picked up my bags and headed for the small hotel where I'd stayed on my two previous visits to Cyprus in the interests of purchasing olives, silks, and wines for my New York import-export business. On those trips I'd known the Cypriotes as gay and friendly people, but now as I walked through the narrow, winding street I could almost feel suspicious eyes stabbing at me from behind jalousies, curtained windows, and shadowed doorways and alleys.

I hadn't yet heard the news that had been announced over the Nicosia radio while I was going through customs at Famagusta, but when I reached the hotel I saw it blazoned on an English-type news-bulletin board outside. **KARAOULIS AND DEMETRIOU TO HANG!** And underneath the sub-head: *Military Government Decrees Death.*

I'd known about the situation, of course, but because I was an American I never figured to be involved. Though the island was a British possession, its inhabitants were a majority of Greek-ancestored Cypriotes and a minority of Turks, who had once controlled the island. During the past year the Greek element had been clamoring to break away from the British and be restored to Greece, some of them joining a violent, trigger-happy band of rebels called the Eoka, the National



British MP assists wounded riot squad man to safety after battle with demonstrators.



Rioter is fatally injured in bloody combat between police and vicious, hysterical mob.

Organization of Cypriote Fighters. The Eoka bombed British buildings and shot British subjects, while fighting pitched battles with hot-blooded Turks who wanted no part of Greek rule.

Michael Karaolis was an Eoka fighter who'd killed a native Cypriote cop in cold blood, while his pal Andreas Demetriou had shot and paralyzed a British business man. A military tribunal under Sir John Harding met and decided on the morning of May 7 that the two men should hang at dawn on May 9. And the dread calm that pervaded the island was like a haled breath as they waited with subdued rage to see if the British would dare to carry out the sentence.

**A**T the hotel I was remembered and treated courteously because I was an American, but the moment I went out onto the streets things were different. The few natives I passed looked at me blackly, and when I passed a group of them they buzzed angrily, hissed "Anglioi!" and spat contemptuously. To them I looked English, and I began to have the uneasy feeling that just my looking English was going to be excuse enough for them in case there was trouble.

On May 8 Col Grivas, the head of Eoka, issued an ultimatum that all hell would break loose if the British hanged his two men. He promised to hang two British soldiers he was holding as hostages as a reprisal, and in addition he would turn his men loose to shoot any Britishers foolish enough to stand in his way. The rest of the populace just waited, simmering and working up steam.

At dawn of May 9 Karaolis and Demetriou went to the

gallows in the privacy of the British military garrison, and the news was announced an hour later.

I was in the offices of a wine manufacturer I did business with when this happened. Up until that moment the quiet had persisted, but now suddenly like an uncorked fulminate, suppressed rage exploded in shrieks and curses as the natives of Nicosia poured out of their homes and shops and eddied and whorled through the streets.

"You'd better not go out there," said my friend Mr. Hionides when we'd finished our business.

I shrugged. "I'm an American."

"None of them will know that," he said. "The city's gone mad. For days the rebels have been egging the populace on. It doesn't matter that a couple of murderers were punished. The Cypriotes look on those professional killers as heroes today."

**A**N idea came to me. I looked around and saw a gloomy white advertising placard and picked it up. The reverse side was blank. I asked a secretary for some string and a red crayon, and in large letters I wrote *Americas* on the poster, handing the crayon to Hionides with the request to write the word in Greek underneath. I then cut the thing to convenient size, punched a couple of holes in it through which I looped the string, and then hung it round my neck.

"That should do it," I said, and went on out into the street.

At the sight of me the air was split with angry yells, but then one of the mob held up his hand and pointed to my placard and they swept on by. A moment later I



Dead British policeman lies behind wounded Cypriot constable; incensed mob machine-gunned them.



Policemen and troops struggle to hold restless demonstrator when they arrest him after the battle.

was sucked up in the undertow, following along and trying to edge over toward the street down which my hotel lay. I swung the placard over onto my back so that the rioters who were hurling rocks through the English shops from behind me wouldn't take aim at me.

The din was deafening. Just up ahead of me there was a sudden roar and the crowd came to a momentary halt. Laughing and shouting, a number of them broke into a British haberdashery shop and a moment later reappeared with a frightened, sandy-haired man crying, "Don't don't—"

He fought off his captors and grabbed the metal awning brace and lifted himself up, his legs thrashing. One man leaped forward and kicked him with all his might and the Englishman dropped groaning. They picked him up and lifted him over their heads and carried him along.

**F**OOLISHLY, I tried to move up near him, and one man saw my purpose. He turned and swung at me just as I shifted my placard to the front to show him who I was. But his hand caught the placard and swept it aside, breaking the string. It dropped amidst the mob and I made a dive for it. But the mob was in motion

and my efforts to get to it were as futile as trying to swim up a waterfall.

At the next corner other rioters carrying stones and clubs streamed in to join up with this gathering current. Suddenly there was an explosion and smoke poured from the second story of a building just up ahead and the street was showered with glass. A moment later a figure in European clothes was hurled from a window, blood splashing out from the red cavity where his face had been. Some of the mob turned their backs, and as one of them did he spotted me and with a howl of delight pointed me out to the others.

"Inglist! Englishman!" they shrieked.

"No! No! I'm an American!" I yelled over and over.

Somebody behind me looped an arm around my neck and brought me to my knees. Somebody else turned around and kicked me in the belly and a moment later I felt a club crack and splinter on my head. A dozen hands pulled at my clothes and in moments I was stripped to the waist. Cursing, the rioters shoved me up ahead to join the two Englishmen who were being prodded along.

There was a shriek from the mob as one of their number emerged from a

(Continued on page 43)

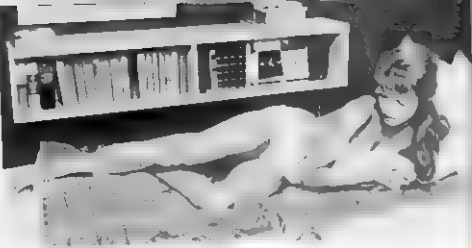
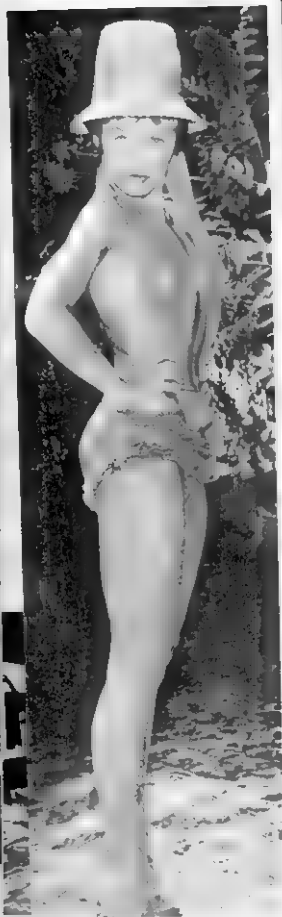


# ONE OF THE JONES GIRLS



... that will stand out in any crowd ■  
Debbie Jones, a fiery red head who has  
danced her way from Portland to Reno—  
and has now been noticed by TV scouts





Measuring in at a neat 37-23-37, Debbie awaits a show business bid that will take her to Hollywood









# THE LONG

A beam hooked into my back and I hung like meat on a rack — my life leaked out of my body as I cried and prayed — waiting for a balky jeep and a deaf old man

# LAST HOUR

by GREG PRITCHEE

AS TOLD TO LLOYD PARKER

THE jagged edge of a splintered two-by-four knifed into my back like a horn of hell. Warm, soupy blood spilled from the wound into my pants. But I didn't move; I didn't twist; I just hung there trying not to panic as Joe Carpenter, forty feet above me, fumbled with the noose of his rope. The hole was 140 feet deep, and Carpenter's rope was too short.

At the bottom of the pit, Frank Lister and Paul Hofferman lay crushed under tons of wood staging, an ore cart and gold bearing Colorado rock. I kept staring up, praying, trying not to concentrate on the pain or the shortage of rope. Just praying the old panner would figure out something that would save my life. I was hanging by an impaled hunting jacket, dangling like meat on a hook. If I twisted I could feel the sagging of the timber under my weight, so I didn't twist. I took the pain and sobbed, "For God's sake, Carpenter, get the jeep! Get the jeep! There's a winch on the front end and cable!"

The old man was stone deaf. His deafness had been a sort of bizarre joke in camp. You said something like have a biscuit, Carpenter—and he'd grin and come back with, "Sure as hell I agree, boys!"

The grizzled Gunnison digger leaned over the hole and shouted he'd be back in a minute. I prayed and felt the awful sticking pains as the lumber in my spine ground in deeper. I stared up at the elliptical-shaped mouth of the hole and watched a cloudless sky beyond. I'm going to die! I told myself. I'm going to be a rich dead man! The pain in my spine felt like live coals had been stacked inside me. I sobbed, but I didn't move. I felt the sudden sprinkling of earth as the jeep rumbled to the edge of the hole. Then I screamed.

The jeep was shaking the broken staging.

THE horn sticking in my back creaked and sagged. I reached behind me and pulled myself into the two by four, but the blood-covered timber slipped in my grasp.

I felt the rope slip badly as the weak old man tried to haul me up from the death pit.

"Pritchle!" the old man yelled down. "How the hell you get this danged thing started?"

"Clutch on the front end!" I moaned. "A clutch, Carpenter."

"Ain't none now, dammit," Carpenter boomed down. "Wait, I'll try something else!"

"Please, Carpenter! There's a winch—for God's sake, use the winch!"

The face vanished from the hole.

OLD man Carpenter mooched into our Gunnison River camp on April 1, 1946. That was three months after Lister, Hofferman and I got a lease on an old property which had once yielded gold to the late 80's prospectors. Once it had been the Tilo Gold & Mining Corporation, and it had paid off handsomely. But when we took receivership, though, there was nothing but a creaky ore cart, a big hole and some worn timbers. In three months time we had the hole working. We took it down to 140 feet and found enough nuggets to buy biscuits.

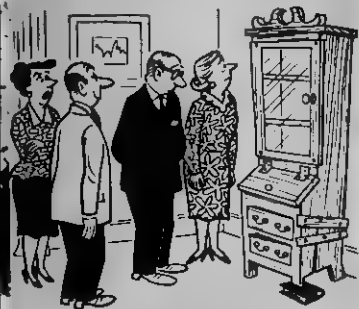
The gold fever that caught us began on an island, thousands of miles from Colorado. It was back during the war when Lister, Hofferman and I were in the 101st RCT Engineers. On Guam we began kidding about forming a prospecting team, hitting for the wide open when the good Uncle cut us loose. A lot of guys like to dream about gold and one thing and another, maybe their interest does bring them west. But few can take the privation and loneliness of a working camp. It was hell in the Klondike days, but in a way the old timers had it better. They had women, along with the pitfalls. All we had was beautiful scenery.

By night we'd sit at a campfire talking about how nice it would be to have a fleet of Caddies and all the red-bloomerish women of Paris. Dreaming didn't cost. Besides, in our business a man could dream and there was always an outside chance that some day he'd make it.

ON April 1 the old man showed up. He walked ahead of two pack horses and a scarred bulldog. He told us he'd been panning the Gunnison stretch for forty years, twice had hit it a lick, twice had frittered his earnings away.

"All I got in the world is what you boys see," Carpenter's gums curled back. "I had a set of dentures in 1941 but they dropped out of my mouth day I heard about Pearl Harbor. Lost 'em in the Gunnison."

That was Carpenter. A panner, a placer rig man who spent half his life wading. (Continued on page 76)



"I don't think you have to tell them you built it yourself!"



"Usually this gadget is foolproof — now what did you do when you oiled it?"

## DO IT YOURSELF



"First she gives me a do-it-yourself kit. Then after I make her a coffee table she hits me over the head with it."

**I**F there is one thing that Frank Beaven knows he knows, it's how to do things for himself. It started when he was a youngster, with both of his parents busy working in the mine, Frank found himself obliged to mix his own formula and change his own diapers. In grade school he signed his own report cards, and in high school he made his own crib sheets. He now makes his own India ink by tromping blackberries and at times, to save on postage, makes out his own rejection slips.



"Now what are you inventing?"

# THE MOB

(Continued from page 35)

store brandishing a length of rope. He yelled something in Greek, and then the mob took up the chant, "Hang them! Hang them!" as they poured into the square and headed for the trees on the far side.

**A**FTER the mob had been dispersed in the square and I'd watched the death of my Cypriote tormentor, I watched the police and paratroopers fan out into the side streets to hunt down the terrorist snipers. Beside me was one corpse and farther off lay that of the Cypriote policeman. A dozen other figures were scattered around, some of whom were beginning to come alive and stagger off. In the distance I could hear shots and yells and the whistles of the police.

As I slowly got to my feet I heard a moan. It came from one of the Englishmen who lay like rag dolls a couple of dozen feet away. I stumbled over and saw one of them move; the other, the one with the broken arm, had been mauled and trampled to death. The one who was alive was the sandy-haired haberdasher. I asked him if he had any back injury before I moved him, and he shook his head. Though weak from the loss of blood he was able with my help to get to his feet and he managed a weak grin. "Thanks," he said. And then, as he looked down at the few remaining shreds of his clothes, he added: "Blast the beggars! They've ruined my best suit!" He winked to indicate his joke, and then almost toppled over.

I grabbed him, holding him erect, we stumbled across the square back the way we had come. I figured that the mob, with the behavior pattern of a plague of locusts, wouldn't retrace its steps over its gutted trail.

The Limey needed hospital attention, but what he needed most was safety. The mob would do the same thing to us, all over again, if it had reformed after scattering. I decided to try to get him to the American Consulate because I knew damn well every British building would be under surveillance or attack.

**W**E made it out of the square all right, but we'd hardly gone fifty yards down a side street when a group of half-a-dozen young Cypriotes spotted us and all but two of them, who were carrying a banner with a crudely lettered "Enosis," ("Greek Independence") started toward us. I let go of the Limey, damned if I was going to take any guff after what I'd just gone through, and met them with fists swinging. This was a big joke to these tough street-fighters and the next thing I knew I was getting kicked around the ground and one of them whipped out a pistol and hit me in the mouth knocking out some

teeth. What they were yelling was all Greek to me, but a little while later they were dragging us down the street. They didn't go far before they turned into a tight, dark alley and hauled us the length of it until they came to a door where one of them rapped a signal.

The door was opened cautiously a moment later and the Limey and I were shoved sprawling into a dim and dismal cellar with a naked low-watt bulb burning over a bare table in the corner. As my eyes became accustomed to the dim light I spotted a quartet of sinister-looking characters seated in another corner around a low table.

One of them yelled at us to get up a moment after one of the Cypriote youths had rattled off something in Greek. The Limey and I got to our feet but the moment I tried to answer a question an agonizing pain shot through my mouth. When you get your teeth slapped out, the original blow acts as a fine anesthetic and you don't feel any pain. But then the numbness wears off and you feel the full agony of the air hitting the tooth sockets and your tongue touching the dangling nerve-ends of the teeth that are merely busted.

"Speak, man!" roared a bearded character.

All I could do was mumble, but the Limey spoke up "He's an American. He's nothing to do with this—"

"Shut up!" the spokesman snapped just as one of the others rose, glass in hand.

**T**HIS one was a pig-eyed, heavy-jowled man with a shaved head, dressed in a plain dark business suit. "So he's an American, is he?" the oily one said, coming over to me. Suddenly his hand lashed out and slapped me across the mouth. "Filthy swine!" he said, his voice going up into a high, hysterical pitch. "Why don't you damned imperialists stay home!" He flung the contents of his glass in my face and whirled to walk away.

"Okay, Tovarich!" I managed to utter. The accent had finally come through to me and that plus the imperialist crack and the Mongol features tagged him as a Russian. But what the hell was he doing here?

He stopped, turned and sneered at me, then barked a command to a couple of the youths. They jumped on the Limey and me and bundled us off into another corner of the basement where there was a make-shift cell with a wooden door. They threw us inside and locked the door.

"So that's one of the bloody bastards who's been causing all the trouble here!" the Englishman whispered a moment later. "Cyprus would have had self-government a year ago if the Communies hadn't interfered by giving guns and bombs and promises of power to the terrorists!"

As we lay there in the darkness wondering what was going to happen

next, he told me that he'd lived on the island since 1937, except for a five-year interval during World War II when he served with the Royal Navy. After the war he'd returned to Cyprus and married a lovely Cypriote girl, he went on, and there'd never been any real trouble until the Reds sent agents in and started stirring it up.

If I was half nuts with pain, I could see that my Limey friend—Harold Ismay, he'd told me his name was—was really off his rocker with hatred for the Russians. I hated them my self, but not the way he did, for he'd seen friends killed in riots and he'd seen the island which he idealized torn apart by strife.

**O**UR door was unlocked in the morning, a few hours after we first heard footsteps and voices in the terrorist hide-out, and one of the Eoka youths routed us out and shoved us toward the table. As we stood before the four men who now sat around the big table under the light I could hear Ismay muttering under his breath. I stole a sidelong glance and saw that he was staring with deadly intent at the Russian. The bearded leader said something in Greek, and the armed guard beside Ismay slapped him and brought him to attention.

But it was only momentary, because Ismay reeled toward me and then over toward the guard, slumping down so that the guard had to catch him. The Limey's face was white and his hands trembled. The guard stiffened to support him and then I noticed Ismay's right hand steady and creep up toward the guard's holster as his own body blocked the action from the view of the men at the table. To them he must have looked like he was having an epileptic fit.

Ismay suddenly snapped out of his slumping position and sprang like a cat behind the guard with the guard's 38 in his hand. At the same moment I jumped forward and kicked at the table, shoving it into the guts of the officers who were groping for their guns.

**T**HEN I whirled and threw a body block at the guard who'd been behind me, missing him cleanly and rolling into a darkened corner. I sprang to my feet just as Ismay snapped a shot at the Russian that left a sloppy hole in the center of his forehead. The Limey whirled and shot the guard I'd missed, dropping him.

Everything was happening with the speed of light now and by the time I'd set up a new target for myself, all the officers had their guns drawn and were blazing away at Ismay and two guards came pelting in from outside and opened fire. I threw myself on the floor to escape the fusillade of bullets and saw Ismay on his knees, his body bucking from the slugs hitting him, holding his revolver in both hands and emptying it at the ring leaders. The one next to the Beard

flopped across the overturned table and fell dead on his face as Ismay dropped his gun and sagged over sideways to the floor.

The terrorists were screaming at each other in Greek, the Board making violent motions for the others to get going. Although I didn't understand the language as I lay playing possum with one eye half-open, I could sense that they were afraid the noise of the fracas would bring the cops. In ten seconds flat they were out of the place, disappearing out the back door concealed behind the EOKA banner.

Still unable to talk I pointed out the escape hatch of the terrorists to the policemen that came storming in, and two of them rushed through the exit in pursuit. Other cops milled in and it wasn't until I tried to stand on my feet that I knew that two stray slugs had hit me and torn away a good chunk of my calf.

**T**he next morning at 11 A.M. Col. Grivas of the Boka terrorists announced that he had hanged two British hostages, Corp. Gordon Hill and Corp. Ronnie Sheldon, in reprisal for the execution of his own two torpedoes. There'd been an earlier radio announcement I'd heard as I lay there in the hospital, however. It had to do with raids on secret terrorist arms caches by British troops acting on information found in the hideout where Ismay had liquidated the hated Russian.

I wondered what kind of reprisals men like Grivas could hope to take against people who loved the island so much they were willing to die for it anyway. I kept thinking of the things Ismay had muttered during the long night about the mob that had beaten him not being responsible for its actions.

"It's the men who incite the people and lead them on with lies that should be disposed of," he'd said. "After they've been part of a mob, most people go home and curse themselves for being fools and then pray for forgiveness. We've got to restore their faith and one way to do it is to get rid of the trigger-happy trouble-makers."

And so he'd sacrificed his own life to get the big one. He got a Commie agent.

## MAIL CHUTE

(Continued from Page 6)

country — or else he was born 150 years too late. Perhaps if Mr. Le Baron talks over his personal problems with someone qualified to help, he'll be a man yet.

Mrs. D. M. Hanson  
Lincoln, Nebraska

Editor: Congratulations to Miss Whitmore for continuing her crusade to try to make men of some of us. I'm surprised that she has the fortitude to go on, considering the blasts she's been getting from some pretty narrow-minded people. That she does go on with her crusade indicates her whole-hearted and broad-minded approach to the great need to tell the American male what he really is and to tell him that he'd better be doing something about it soon!

W. E. M.  
Chicago, Ill.

Editor: A few more like Evelyn Whitmore, and the American man won't have a shred of self-respect left. As a woman, I take the viewpoint that we're harassing our males too much with this constant harping on their inadequacies. We females have a pack of insufficiencies, too. I think we've got our men to thinking too much about what they aren't, which is certainly a negative approach. Miss Whitmore, and others like her, would better ask men to think more about what they are — and then start from there.

Mrs. E. Perry  
Peoria, Ill. ■

## HUMAN TORCH

(Continued from page 19)

Always a bloody hurricane flag flying in these waters." The pilot shrugged, over a cup of black coffee. He glanced over the wingtip. A bloated black corpse floated by. "Set they never do get the right count of the dead. Pity."

Joe Ramsey puffed his corncob. "How many died in the Okinawa typhoon, skipper? You were in that one, weren't you?"

I said I gussed about two thousand drowned; I couldn't remember and the Navy didn't ever release the figures. Six hundred vessels had taken an unmerciful shellacking; two thousand or so. Cruisers were cracked open like eggshells; some destroyers and tankers disappeared. The winds were 150 knots, stronger at times. I was USNR, a lieutenant commander at forty, commanding a spanking new 10,000 ton Liberty ship. I'd already survived two torpedoings—but the kind of luck I happened to have was for duration plus six and no longer.

Vueltag had seen better days. So had I. I'd come out of the war with a heartfelt of hope and a new bride. But both the hope and the bride went in one fell swoop. The lady said she wanted somebody younger; the various places I applied to for a job said the same. Then I went through a tidy savings account during the sixteen months on the beach. When the money went, I finally trundled down to a friend and begged for a seagoing job.

"Report to the Maracaibo yards, Mac. It isn't much, but it's regular work and you're a skipper again."

"Maracaibo! I thought you people had those new 60,000 tonners?"

"We do. But you're new in the company. You can't be choosy."

**T**hat was the nice way of saying you're new, and you're unknown. And doubtless, you're too old to get one of the big jobs, McFarland. The best postwar berths were filled with young sailors and bright-eyed career men brought up by the lines. I realized all this finally. Luckily, I received assignment to auxiliary duty, ferrying on the Maracaibo-Louisiana-Texas and New York runs. Vueltag was eight years old, not much by contemporary standards, but at least pulling her own weight. I resolved to do as much.

We were at sea, off New Jersey, when we got the first tipoff of the hurricane. The radioman brought the message to the bridge. We were taking big seas then. I wasn't sure about trying the hero routine, so I got on the tube and asked Chief Ramsey to lay up to the wardroom for consultation.

"Could be a break for all of us, Mac," the chief nodded over his corncob. "If I can get some corn on this bucket and if she don't tear herself apart, we can maybe get in there first with a payload."

I knew what he meant. He was spelling out a possible break for all of us, and it was food for thought. It was, in addition to its mercy aspects, a rum of publicity for somebody. In the neoclassic merchant navy, a man needs a plum once in a while. It could rocket him from oblivion to a decent ship, better pay, better living. On the other hand, disaster hunting could get a guy in plenty of trouble that I knew, too.

I remembered a wartime buddy, Blin Jameson who went out of his way to save a worthless tub in the English Channel. She was caught in a gale, being driven onto the Dover rocks. The English coast guard had removed his crew, but Captain Jameson had refused to abandon. Unfortunately, another sailorman had pulled the same stunt shortly before. The Jameson epic received little or no coverage. Instead of a Carnegie medal, the line handed him a pink slip.

"I don't know what kind of competition we've got, Mac," the Chief said, "but it's certainly worth a shot."

"Anyway, the motive is noble," I grinned. "See how much you can squeeze out of the old lady."

"Will do!"

**H**e did. He and the black gang squeezed everything and then some from the old lady's senescent engines. Pounding through head seas, we were the first of three ships to pick up the Jamaica sea buoy and the



# I'd like to give this to my fellow men...

## while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my

summer home, my Cadillac, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

By Victor B. Mason

I am printing my message in a magazine. It may come to the attention of thousands of eyes. But of all those thousands, only a few will have the vision to understand. Many may read; but of a thousand only you may have the intuition, the sensitivity, to understand that what I am writing may be intended for you—may be the tide that shapes your destiny, which, taken at the crest, carries you to levels of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me. There is no mysticism in this. I am not speaking of occult things; of innumerable laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is rubbish! And anyone who tries to tell you that you can think your way to riches without effort is a false friend. I am too much of a realist for that. And I hope you are.

I hope you are the kind of man—if you have read this far—who knows that anything worthwhile has to be earned! I hope you have learned that there is no reward without effort. If you have learned this, then you may be ready to take the next step in the development of your karma—you may be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

### I Have All The Money I Need

In my own life I have gone beyond the need of money. I have it. I have gone beyond the need of gain. I have two businesses that pay me an income well above any amount I have need for. And, in addition, I have the satisfaction—the deep satisfaction—of knowing that I have put more than three hundred other men in business of their own. Since I have no need for money, the greatest satisfaction I get from life is in sharing my secret of personal independence with others—seeing them achieve the same heights of happiness that have come into my own life.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. I believe that charity is something that no proud man will accept. I have never seen a man who was worth his salt who would accept

something for nothing. I have never met a highly successful man whom the world respected who did not sacrifice something to gain his position. And, unless you are willing to make at least half the effort, I'm not interested in giving you a "leg up" to the achievement of your goal. Frankly, I'm going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to make me believe that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success and are not willing to sacrifice something to get it.

### A Fascinating and Peculiar Business

I have a business that is peculiar—one of my businesses. The unusual thing about it is that it is needed in every little community throughout this country. But it is a business that will never be invaded by the "big fellows". It has to be handled on a local basis. No giant octopus can ever gobble up the whole thing. No big combination is ever going to destroy it. It is essentially a "one man" business that can be operated without outside help. It is a business that is good summer and winter. It is a business that is growing each year. And, it is a business that can be started on an investment so small that it is within the reach of anyone who has a television set. But it has nothing to do with television.

This business has another peculiarity. It can be started at home in spare time. No risk to present job. No risk to present income. And no need to let anyone else know you are "on your own". It can be run as a spare time business for extra money. Or, as it grows to the point where it is paying more than your present salary, it can be expanded into a full time business—overnight. It can give you a sense of personal independence that will free you forever from the fear of lay-off, loss of job, depressions, or economic reverses.

### Are You Mechanically Inclined?

While the operation of this business is partly automatic, it won't run itself. If you are to use it as a stepping stone to independence, you must be able to work with your hands, use such tools as hammer and screw driver, and enjoy getting into a pair of blue jeans and rolling up your sleeves. But two hours a day of manual work will keep your "factory" running 24 hours turn-

ing out a product that has a steady and ready sale in every community. A half dollar spent for raw materials can bring you six dollars in cash—six times a day.

In this message I'm not going to try to tell you the entire story. There is not enough space on this page. And, I am not going to ask you to spend a penny now to learn the secret. I'll send you all the information, free. If you are interested in becoming independent, in becoming your own boss, in knowing the sweet fruits of success as I know them, send me your name. That's all I know them, send me your name. That's all I need your name. I won't ask you for a penny. I'll send you all the information about one of the most fascinating businesses you can imagine. With these facts, you will make your own investigation. You will check up on conditions in your neighborhood. You will weigh and analyze the whole proposition. Then, and then only, if you decide to take the next step, I'll allow you to invest \$15.00. And even then, if you decide that your fifteen dollars has been badly invested I'll return it to you. Don't hesitate to send your name. I have no salesmen. I will merely write you a long letter and send you complete facts about the business I have found to be so successful. After that, you make the decisions.

### Does Happiness Hang on Your Decision?

Don't put this off. It may be a coincidence that you are reading these words right now. Or, it may be a matter that is more deeply connected with your destiny than either of us can say. There is only one thing certain: If you have read this far you are interested in the kind of independence I enjoy. And if that is true, then you must take the next step. No coupon on this advertisement. If you don't think enough of your future happiness and prosperity to write your name on a postcard and mail it to me, forget the whole thing. But if you think there is a destiny that shapes men's lives, send your name now. What I send you may convince you of the truth of this proverb. And what I send you will not cost a penny, now or at any other time.

VICTOR B. MASON

1512 Jarvis Ave., Suite M-102-D  
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS

first to play host to the pilot and three Kingston newspapermen.

For a while as we closed the piers, the sun, literally and figuratively, was shining on SS *Vueltag* and her crew.

"Marvelous story!" the leading newspaper gent effused. "An old ship commanded by an intrepid crew dares the hurricane seas to deliver the goods. Beats two modern 60,000 ton Greek merchants."

"In the best tradition of the merchant navy. Bless you and your men, skipper. Now we can fly the casualties to the hospitals."

Beyond what it meant to us personally, I think Ramsey and I were both touched deeply. Beyond personal pride of accomplishment, it was merely delivery—the best that our ship and our men could do. And it was, ironically enough, for a few short minutes as we got our lines over and started pumping 50,000 gallons of high octane into the thirsty Port Royal tanks.

The Jamaica Pilot was having a cup of coffee with us on the bridge. It was shortly before noon. The cook was fixing chow and a working party was back on the boat deck stacking cases of food that we'd voted to be sent ashore, compliments of SS *Vueltag*. A lot of my men were raw, and a lot more were retreads like myself—in all, seventy-two of us made up the crew. Seventy-two men willing to take the rap if the company objected to our parting with food! I felt damned good about that, and so did old Joe Ramsey, standing beside me, puffing on that foul-smelling corn cob of his. When the speaker tube erupted at my elbow, I thought it was the cook, yelling for somebody to lay below and chow down before all his grub got cold. The grin on my face froze when I heard the electrician bawling:

"Fire! Fire in the main engine room, electrician's board, Captain."

**B**UT some well-intentioned fool hit it with water instead of foamite. Part of the crew was on the dock at the time; another gang was aft on the boat deck in a working party, and still other men were on deck, fueling. I mashed the General Alarm. Ramsey and the Jamaican raced down the bridge ladder seconds before I did, tearing over to join the crew shutting off vents and closing off lines. The first explosion killed them both. It killed thirty-three others below, incinerating them to blackened chars.

In seconds, the tanker became a coffin belching thick black smoke through ruptured deck plates and twisted piping. A roaring flume of fire shot up higher than the main mast engulfing everything forward of the bridge. The blast of scorching air buckled my legs on the ladder. I was holding it, going down three steps at a time—and I was still holding it as the ladder unhinged from the rest of the ship and was blasted overboard.

Water stung my face as I punched

up into scalding heat a ship length from *Vueltag*, the blaze roaring like an unchecked gusher consuming everything forward of the bridge. Stunned, I could only float and try to suck air into my lungs for the first few seconds. Then, twisting around, I paddled to a piece of flotsam and got my arms on a large flat siding of wood. Except for a liberal coating of thick fuel oil, I was intact. I kept retching up oil, but my legs and arms worked and I shoved the float closer to the fire.

"Help me! Help me!" An only head appeared on the side. I saw the naked figure of my First Mate Leo Halliday, the clothes blasted off him and his face blackened, struggling in the sludge.

"Hold on, Leo!" I shouted, pushing off and swimming the twenty yards in good shape. I got a cross-chest carry and told him to relax. Then instinct and reserve strength got us back to the raft. He kept looking at me, panting for breath and looking at me. "Damn it, man," I growled, "don't you know me?"

I know your voice." Leo Halliday was a large, easy-going Irishman. He knew me better than he knew his closest relative. He brushed an oily hand against my face. He said, "My God, Captain! The blast singed all your hair off!"

**I** PUT my hand to my head and winced as it suddenly felt like soft fleshy pulp. But I wasn't bleeding. He touched my face and growled:

"You don't hurt!"

"Not yet. There's some guys back on the boat deck, see? Some more on the fantail, Leo. Let's see what we can do."

"You're crazy!" The fire was raging through the bridge. Nothing could live long in the tremendous bellows of heat and fire. The Irishman grabbed my arm, begging and pleading with me. I couldn't see not trying to help the others. There were ten or more figures huddled on the open fantail trying to work forward. He screamed, "Why don't they jump, the damned fools!"

The raft with both of us paddling pushed closer to the heat. I could hardly see. Tears were streaking down my face, frying on the burned skin as we inched closer. The water was burning forward with only one bald patch aft of the Number 6 tanks. Halliday wasn't yellow. He kept snarling that we were committing suicide, but he didn't stop paddling. The raft was big enough for four men at most, but we crowded eight on. They were dropping in encouraged by the sight of us paddling directly under the stern. The cook was the last man we picked up. His clothes were on fire and he was standing on the transom, trying to pat the fire from his face and help another man to his feet.

"Jump! Jump, man!" I yelled.

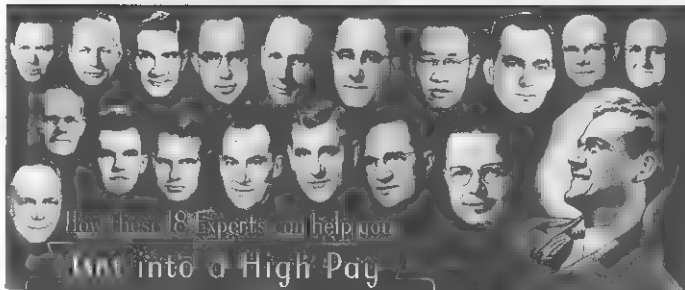
My voice was like a mouse squeaking in a thunder squall. If he heard me (the others said they didn't), he paid no attention. He rolled the prostrate flaming figure of a sailor to the edge of the combing and pushed. The man looked like a burning marshmallow. He was cinders when he hit the water; he disintegrated on contact. I gagged up my guts from stench and revulsion. The First was pleading, "She's gonna blow, Captain—please, let's get away from here!"

**T**HE other men weren't pleading. They were huddled on the raft and I was in the water. I said I'd try it. Leo Halliday's big fist shot out at my head, but I ducked away. The Jacobs ladder was trailing in the tide and I grabbed it, amazed that I had strength to hold on. Doubly amazed that I could actually pull my body out. It was then that I saw that the clothes had been blasted off me, too. I was oil coated, weighted. I hung on suddenly sick from the gas fumes. The ship was trembling and long searing explosions were turning her into an unrecognizable thing, a dying thing. The raft disappeared in the smoke below me as I pulled myself up, thankful for once I commanded a low lying tanker instead of a freighter. I hit the deck naked, black and scared to death.

Rivers of flame were mushrooming out of the pyre and in the midst of that livid hell two men were trapped in after steerage, the house door jammed. I screamed as my feet touched the scalding deck—screamed and ran toward the screams. The door was blistered. Somebody had left a warped crowbar at the upper hasp. It was stuck wedged in as I ran around frantically trying to find something to pry the door off. "For God's sake get us out!" a voice croaked. It trailed off in hysterical crying as I put 200 pounds behind each thrust.

Charred, blackened corpses lying in a twisted heap were at the bottom of the poop ladder below the steerage door. It sagged open and the two men crawled out, vomiting and gasping for air. I stumbled down the ladder and turned one of the piles of ashes. A foot came apart in my hands. Faintness rolled over me and I sagged against the ladder, desperately trying to make it back up eight steps. I couldn't see. I hugged the ladder and pulled, praying to God for the last few measures of strength.

**B**ELOW the tanker a Jamaica harbor patrol was gaffing the whirling bundles of human agony. A siren wailed shrilly. I hit the last step and fell on my face, the taste of oil suddenly fusing with blood. I saw my right hand become a shriveling slab of meat in a tongue of fire that spewed up from a gas filled scupper. The last thing I saw was a twisted railing. I crawled through it and pushed off into space the Jamaica



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harbor patrol put a gaff hook through my shoulders and pulled me up.

From the time that *Yueftag* exploded to the time I was fished out, not more than eight minutes had elapsed. But in eight minutes sixty-three out of seventy-two men were lost. Most of those below decks didn't have a chance. Most of those above decks didn't either, for that matter. For days, pieces of dismembered sailors were found floating in the sludge Ramsey? He was the real hero. He went below and got the smothering system working. He isolated the fire and opened the sea cocks in the other spaces. Miraculously, she didn't blow up. She blew up only partially just the forward part, and they were a long time finding that much of her.

A man isn't supposed to survive third-degree burns, so I guess I came in for my share of luck after all. I did three months in Kingston Hospital. There were nine skin grafts before I looked in a mirror and tried to figure out whose face was glaring back at me. Nine skin grafts and a year later I caught another ship. Same run: Maracaibo-Louisiana-Texas and sometimes, luck with us, a junket to New York. I left the hurricanes to the skippers with guts—mine were fried at Port Royal. ■

## ARMS OF HELL

(Continued from page 23)

Then the squid came up, squirting and churning angrily, bringing the first succession of hard jets of water down on us in a deluge.

"Swim to shore, Maggie!" I shouted. "Vayase!"

But Maggie didn't swim and neither did I. The pus-yellow bulb with the parrot's beak and tentacles huge as boa constrictors raised up off the sandbar and grabbed the senorita and me. As one tentacle looped around my throat I looked into the eye of the sea devil—an eye as big as a man's fist that stared indifferently at my agony. For a moment I couldn't see, couldn't turn to watch the rigors of contraction mask Maggie's lovely face into a bloated red thing suffering as the loop squeezed tighter about her midriff.

The sky went black. The shore began fading as I looked into the staring white-and-black eye of the giant Iquiqui squid. Around my throat the tire squeezed inexorably and although I hacked into the tentacle, deeper and deeper for as long as I had strength, there were other loops under the water to crush the breath out of me. I was too busy dying to see Maggie or anything.

It was January 15, 1957. My job crazy as it sounds, was bodyguard

to the loveliest body north of Tierra del Fuego. Like the rest of the clam bake, the body, the fishing trip all of it—was like something out of a Chinaman's opium dream.

Two weeks before, flat broke and with no immediate prospects of a job, I was walking down the main *avenida* in Santiago wondering how tough it was to stow away on the Grace Lines first northbound liner. At an intersection in the center of the city I followed another jaywalker through a maze of mishmash traffic and just about made the opposite side of the *avenida* when a taxicab careened off the side of a bus and smashed against my corner. It all took about six seconds—from the time I heard the crash to the time I put a flying tackle on the absent-minded gent that I was following.

We rolled against the side of a building and huddled there speechless and soaking wet from gasoline. Nobody got killed, curiously enough, but the wreckage was certainly something to see. The little man in the black suit looked me over, fumbled for a card and asked in perfect *Americano* who I was and how was it possible for him to show a sign of gratitude. In pretty good English I gave him the statistics.

"I wouldn't want to appear like a beggar," I said, noting the size of the bills he shoved in my hand. "But the truth is I'd be damned grateful if you could help me get a passport back to the States. Mine was stolen one last weekend ago."

"Senor Chilile!" My bespectacled benefactor smiled down his nose. "If you have no plans for the future let me think of something that may interest you. I believe I can..."

The papers made a big splash about the freak accident. My man was sort of a walker like Harry Truman. Only he didn't talk while he walked. His mind was on politics but his legs had a way of homing in on his office. A very big man in Chilean affairs, Maggie's daddy, and an amazingly mild one to have such a torrid offspring. If—offer of an "interesting job" threw me a damnsight harder than I threw him in saving his life.

The buxom, black-eyed Margharita was built like something out of a Hollywood press agent's wildest dream. Meeting me for the first time, I saw a strange mixture of emotions wipe across her eyes. She was sipping a cocktail, alone, in the library of the Correritas home. In a flame red dress that accentuated everything, I couldn't help but wonder why fate had gotten me to tackle her father when my natural inclination would've been papa's heir. I kissed her hand figuring it was the right thing to do in a right proper South American home.

I hope you can improve on that, Senor," Maggie laughed softly. "You're somewhat more than I expected."

"Thanks. What did you expect?"

She studied me as I released her hand. She stepped up to me and put both hands on my neck and pulled. A bomb went off as her wet, hot lips surged hungrily into mine. Her body wriggled as she put heart and soul behind the caress, and I went with the tide and my hands engulfed her. The *embrazo* lasted long, but not long enough.

"Somebody's coming!" Maggie whispered. She fluffed her hair, smiled a promise of better things to come, and called in Spanish: "*Aquí, Papá! Esta mos aquí...*"

Papa came in. If he noticed the flush on our face, Correritas was as subtle politician enough not to smile.

Maggie was wild. As wild as the raging sea, as wild as a herd of untamed horses, was Maggie. She was my job. Because Chilean politicians have a way periodically of getting themselves machine-gunned, Papa thought I should take his daughter off somewhere where machine gunners weren't apt to be around.

"For myself I do not worry," Senor Correritas shrugged. "For my daughter—yes." He smiled, looked me up and down. "You can handle yourself with her."

MY Spanish was inadequate to the proper expression, so I grinned and let it go at that. The next day I took Maggie off to the coast for a spot of big game fishing. A man couldn't have had more whipped cream than I fell into: big-game Maggie and the fighting swordfish in the Humboldt current! Maggie? Intractable and inexhaustible.

The only thing my charge didn't have was brains that I found out three weeks after we shared the same inn in a cozy little fishing village below Iquique. She blew all our dough on whiskey and a fiesta for the local inhabitants. She sent a wire to Papa for more with the money that my 38 sold for to the local pawn broker. She went around to the *alcaldé's* house and threatened him, screaming that she was Correritas' daughter and wouldn't the old roof fall in on the guy if people didn't stop pestering us with bills for hotel rent, etc.

Maggie's interpretation of "income" differed by plenty from mine. The whole damned world knew what we were, where we were, what we were doing. I expected the old guy to fire me when he wired me the dough, but I guess he had political trouble enough and maybe he was used to Maggie's antics. In any event, that January 15, 1957 found me mad as hell at the lovely lunatic whom I was guarding. I turned off the steam heat. That made her worse.

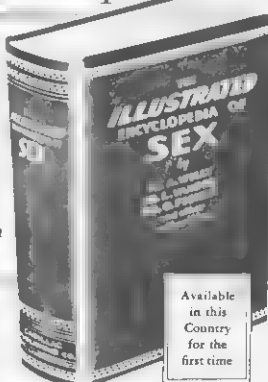
I was rigging some baits for swordfish when Maggie, showing a yard of leg and making obscene faces, ran the launch up on a sandbar about a quarter of a mile off the white beach. The propeller shaft hit at an angle

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and the boat sounded like a pebble rattling around an egg-beater. Maggie squealed with delight as I jumped overboard, cursing her, to examine the shaft.

"Amorrito, corraon!" she squealed. "At last my lover has an emotion! He is mad at little Maggie Correritas!" "He sure as hell is, you oddball!"

**I**N Spanish she chuckled an expression that had to do with my anatomy and hers I took a deep drag of air and then submerged to look at the shaft. The thought never crossed my mind that giant squid come into shore to feed on the sandbars. Maybe it was I who was too dumb at that point. Big-game hunting and fishing was my background in the years before becoming an oil rigger. I'd fished South America, Montauk, Novie. The Keys. I knew big squid by reputation and first hand, and by rights I should've respected waters indigenous to them. Yet, even if I had some misgivings, fate took a hand against Maggie and me.

Death—a giant Chilean squid—got into the act.

Shattering the little launch with one looping blow of his behemoth tentacles, Maggie was sent tumbling overboard under a deluge of green seas and foam. It happened in seconds. I lunged for the brunette and caught her. My defense was a fishing knife and an ability to swim in just about any kind of sea, yet it wasn't defense enough.

Maggie burst to the surface gagging for air, screaming hideously as the squid loomed above us in the debris of the launch. Shore was a quarter of a mile distant, a white beach lined with curious Indian fishermen watching impassively as we struggled for survival. They had guns, boats, spears—but there they remained!

The tide on the bar was waist high as I caught the red blouse and tore it against me, holding her, trying to keep her from committing suicide as the horror of the sea kept spearing its tentacles toward us. Her red blouse was ripped and the lovely cream flesh that would feel the singeing pull of suction cups was still unmarred.

The squid loomed above us, a grotesque umbrella that abruptly spewed forth an ink-black liquid from a rubbery nipple formation above its mouth. I grabbed the brunette and just pushed her under a groping tentacle when the sea mashed us down. The sea tore us apart. I went under again, rolling in the hard sand, feeling my way along the edge and finally as the pressure became unbearable, surfacing in a rush. Sucking in deep gulps of air and rubbing the stinging sea from my eyes, I looked around for the girl.

**M**ARGARITA CORRERITAS was already in death's throes. Her lungs were being crushed by a mam-

moth tentacle coiled about her midriff. Her skin was a mass of red welts where the suction cups pulled away to fasten again, elsewhere. Her eyes bulged and rolled inconspicuously in her lovely head as she gagged up blood and groaned, pleadingly for me to use the knife I was away, clear of the monster and the girl but I swam back, numbing frenzy jarring my sadder thoughts as I realized I, too, was going to my death.

"Amorrito," she sobbed. "Te amo, te amo—"

My feet touched sand again. I jerked the knife from my belt, ducking as a writhing coil of twenty-foot tentacle slashed the air above my head. I ducked twice more before suddenly shooting out and hacking the blade deep into the smooth side of the tentacle. The giant black head rammed up over me with the girl enfolded so that nearly all of her was hidden. She wasn't screaming any more, mercifully. The eyes of a squid are like white dishes with black centers that are about the size of a man's fist. I know. My squid felt the full impact of a 180-pound thrust that took out one eye. That much was retribution, the last as the cataclysmic force inundated me.

I couldn't move, couldn't breathe as coils of rubber circled about my chest. Both hands were free, though, as I hacked off slabs of moving fingers of death. It was like cutting tough, writhing baloney with a truck parked on my back. Blinding pain stabbed across my eyes as the next tentacle engulfed my lower torso and crushed both legs together, pulling me closer to the girl. Maggie died apart from the pain then. I watched, unable to tear my head away as the tentacle holding her pulled her into the parrot break. *Clack!* Just one clack and the Chileans, the most beautiful body in the world, was severed. Blood and intestines frothed at the mouth of the squid as her legs disappeared into the hideous hole. I vomited blood and screamed, hacking off a loop, feeling another instantly take its place, and then hacking still another. Black ink jetted over my head, the bizarre finale as I felt the inexorable pull of the tentacles into that pulsating, blood-covered hole.

**I** couldn't see, didn't see the Iquique fishing boat coming out from shore with four men rowing desperately and a fifth, a little Indian kid standing up in the bow with a harpoon. God was merciful. He put me to sleep with both arms folded tightly against my side, my head swathed in black juice, unable to see the squid's beak. It was finishing me off with its tentacles, clacking above me when the Indian kid scored a bullseye.

In Santiago I met Maggie's dad again. He paid the hospital bill. He gave me enough money to get home in good shape. That was three months after I got out of the hospital. It isn't

often that a man with all his ribs slave in survives; all his skin suctioned off his waist and arms. Yet I did. There must be some poetic justice in it, though even today I fail to see anything poetic about Maggie's death. An obituary said that Maggie had tackled something too big even for her and had succumbed in the attempt. The paper said she was a fantastic woman, afraid of nothing, a girl who loved violence and life.

In that, I'll admit they were right. The obit claimed Maggie was an experienced sailor who knew the coast well and all the hazards of fishing an area full of giant squid. The Indian fishing village south of Iquique was her idea of a retreat. Running up on the sandbar was also hers, too. Often, I wonder if Maggie Correritas had simply run out of kicks and wanted to try the squid on for size. Could be. The more I think of it, the more convinced I am that it could be. She was that kind of a woman—wild in every thing, always—wild.

I know. Next to the squid, I was Maggie's last lover. ■

## BEAUTIFUL REBEL

(Continued from page 29)

you-all are elected to measure me." He took the tape and she added, "Now close your eyes when you do. You just hold the tape around me and I'll read the numbers."

Blackman laughed uncertainly, his face flushed from the drink. He was feeling a little bolder now. He held the tape and closed his eyes as Pauline slipped out of the tunic and trousers, tossed them on the bed, and then stepped close to him, naked. She took one end of the tape and swung it behind her and handed it back to him.

"Tell me, captain," she said mischievously as he prepared to draw the tape together, "what are the duties of a female aide?"

Blackman's face reddened slightly and he didn't answer, but a moment later he turned the color of fire and jumped as if stung when he drew the tape tight to the "38" mark and touched her bare skin. His eyes popped open and all of a sudden his gentlemanly reserve came apart at seams. He dropped the tape and grabbed her close and planted a long, hot kiss on her lips.

"The duties of a female aide?" he roared, suddenly swinging one arm low and picking her up. "Madame, I'm about to show you!"

**M**UCH later Blackman became expansive about the glorious South ern Confederate Army, answering Pauline's purposely naive and giddy questions about the numbers of men involved, the kind of artillery em-



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

# How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

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■ There any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

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During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

**Question** What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

**Answer** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

**Question** What do you mean by a "command of English"?

**Answer** A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

**Question** But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

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**Question** Is this something new?

**Answer** Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

**Question** Does it really work?

**Answer** Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal life.

**Question** Who are some of these people?

**Answer** Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

**Question** How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

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**Answer** I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

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played, and what "those silly ol' fortifications" at Vicksburg, where Black man was quartermaster, were like.

"I'll take you around and show you whenever your uniform's ready, Pauline," he said after he'd given her a graphic description.

"You're just too kind, honey. Pauline sighed, and presently she fell into a contented sleep despite the omnipresent danger of the Rebel troops swarming in the streets below.

**A**LTHOUGH Pauline Cushman was born in the Creole town of New Orleans in 1838, her Spanish-French parents migrated to Grand Rapids, Mich. when she was very young. At that time Grand Rapids was an out-post settlement, and young Pauline grew up with a bunch of Indians for playmates who taught her to ride, shoot, hunt, and track like a young bear. Her dark Spanish coloring and black hair made her seem one of them, and she spent more time with them than she did with her own brothers and sisters. Her family was constantly feuding, and at last after one violently bitter blow-up when she refused to even speak to her brothers she decided to leave home. She'd always had a yen to become an actress, and she made tracks for New York City where an entrepreneur named Thomas Placide signed her on to perform in a touring company that was headed for New Orleans.

At eighteen she became the toast of the town, doing an act in which she wore tight-fitting men's clothes which brought out all the curves of her lush figure. A few years later the war between the States broke out and her diplomacy's sake she pretended to be violently pro-Confederacy, though her sympathies lay with the North.

**I**N May, 1868, she was appearing in Louisville, Ky., when two Confederate army agents sent her a note and asked to talk to her privately. At the time Kentucky was on the fence, and although Louisville was occupied by Union troops the town was crowded with Southern or "secesh" (secession) sympathizers. Pauline sent word back that she'd be delighted to see the two gentlemen in her dressing room.

They had a proposition for her which was far from the usual one she got. It was their idea that she should stop in her act, at a point where she raised a glass in a gay toast and do some ad-libbing.

"We'll give you \$2,000," the spoken man said, "if when you raise your glass you'll say: 'Here's to Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy! May the South always maintain her honor and her rights!'"

Squirring inwardly Pauline smiled. "I'd get myself in a pannel of trouble," she said. "The Union provost marshal would crucify me!"

"He wouldn't harm a woman," one of the men said. "And besides, think

what it would mean to your career. You're a devoted Southerner—every one knows that—and you'd become a heroine to our cause. . . ."

As soon afterwards as she could she hid herself to the office of Col. William Truesdail, chief of the police system of the Army of the Cumberland. She told him about the offer and her own Union sympathies, and when she'd finished Truesdail told her to snap up the offer.

"I advise you to drink that toast and establish yourself as a 'secesh' rallying point," he said. "They'll adore you, and all the agents and conspirators will flock to you. I'll have Col. Moore, the provost marshal at the theater that night and he'll have you arrested and detained for so-called questioning and after that you'll be a heroine."

**A**T Wood's Theater a few nights later Pauline gave her toast and a war riot ensued as Southern sympathizers stomped and whistled and then started peering as a couple of Union MPs came up and whistled Pauline off the stage.

From that moment Pauline had it made, and "secesh" agents beat feet to her rooming house door. The place was stalked out by Truesdail's men, and within a few days he was making wholesale arrests. A week later he summoned Pauline to his office and told her he had a dangerous mission for her.

"We want you to visit the camp of General Braxton Bragg's forces," Truesdail said. "He's very spy-conscious and our Northern agents and couriers haven't been able to penetrate his lines to estimate his strength. I must warn you of the hazard before hand—but do you think you'd care to give it a try?"

It was then that Pauline's temerity training in childhood asserted itself. She could handle a gun and get through woods and swamps like an Indian as well as ride a horse like a cavalryman. And the role of spy appealed to her sense of theater. "I'd love to," she said.

Truesdail warned her not to take any notes of anything she saw but commit everything to memory. She would, they mutually decided, go from camp to camp looking for her "missing brother."

"Don't be surprised at anything that happens in the next few days," Truesdail said when the briefing was over, and so when she was arrested three days later with a number of other female secessionists and told to get out of town, she took it in stride.

**S**HE moved on to Nashville, where her reputation had preceded her, and soon she was compiling lists of Southern agents who flocked to her quarters at the Nashville City Hotel. She learned how they posed as farmers and carried messages stuck in the craves of chickens or the handles of

hitchen knives and she forwarded this information and other tricks of their modus operandi to Truesdail. Nash ville too was in Union hands, and once more she was publicly kicked out of town with other suspect South secesh.

This time she decided to cut quickly through to the Confederate lines, but since she carried no credentials at all she had to avoid being apprehended by the pickets and patrols of either army. They might shoot first and ask questions later. So Pauline took to the back roads and logs and swam her horse across swollen rivers to avoid guarded bridges and even the smallest villages. On the far bank of the Big Harpeth River she stopped to dry off and rest her horse.

Though she had the uneasy feeling she was being watched she searched the foliage around a clearing and couldn't find anyone. Then she took off her clothes and spread them out to dry. A few minutes later she whirled around as leaves rustled and a twig snapped and she found herself looking into the muzzle of a rifle. Behind the gun was a bearded brute of a man, grinning delightedly. Pauline squealed and dove for her clothes, hastily covering herself with the shirt and her riding habit.

"That wasn't nice," Pauline pouted as the man lowered the gun. She was relieved to see that he wasn't an uniform.

"It depends on the point of view," he laughed.

Pauline prevailed on the man to turn away as she quickly dressed, after which he led her to a shack in the woods. In one corner was a bunk, and along one wall was a pile of food sacks, bolts of cloth, and bottles and boxes containing medical supplies so urgently needed by the Southern army. The man, she guessed rightly, was a smuggler of contraband goods in the Southern trade.

He gave her a cup of coffee, waving her to a seat at a small table, and sat down opposite her. "Do you smuggle people through as well?" she asked matter-of-factly.

The man grinned. "For a price." "How much?"

The man's smile didn't leave his face, but he heaved a suggestive eyebrow. "In your case—" he began, and didn't bother to finish. The message was clear.

She lifted her coffee cup and looked away. Knowing he was a Southern sympathizer, she decided to tell him her whole story. He'd heard of her, all right, and he admired her very much. He also said he thought it was a wonderful thing she'd done for the mouth of the people in Louisville and Nashville.

He took a swig of coffee and put it down and leaned toward her. "The price is still the same."

**S**HE looked around the room, thinking this over, and suddenly spotted

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If you have a car that doesn't run fast, make a note of how fast your car crawls forward when it's in the drive. Then, with the motor idling, it will have a strong, steady, regular car or boat making a note of the RPMs as indicated on



the tachometer when the engine is idling. If you have a car that runs fast, make a note of how fast your car crawls forward when it's in the drive. Then, with the motor idling, it will have a strong, steady, regular car or boat making a note of the RPMs as indicated on

### CHECK YOUR RESULTS CAREFULLY

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### CHECK THESE DIFFERENCES



**SPARK PLUG**  
Fires across air gap with electrode, burns away.  
Carbon ruins firing tip.  
Needs leaning and setting.  
Needs periodic replacing.  
Needs premium gas.  
Must have exact heat range.  
Spark blows out under pressure.



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No air gap required.  
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a bottle of whiskey on a shelf. She got up and fetched it and poured a shot into her coffee cup. As the drink warmed her she thought of the sixshooter in her saddlebag but realized it wouldn't help her any. This man could get her through the lines quickly and at minimum risk.

"All right," she said. "It's a bargain if you can promise to lead me to some Southern officer who will be able to guarantee me safe conduct when we get behind the lines."

"That I can promise," he said. Pauline stood up and methodically began to get out of her still wet clothes. "You go outside," she said, and I'll hand you my clothes to hang up to dry. By the way, what is your name?"

"Jess Just Jess," he said, going outside quickly. Pauline undressed behind the door and handed him her clothes, item by item, through the opening. When nothing was left she ran lightly over to the bunk and pulled the covers up to her chin and waited.

THE next morning Jess took her over the smugglers' route which was devious, treacherous, and plagued with clouds of flies and mosquitoes. Since they had to travel by boat and afoot, Jess had bought her horse for \$100 and carried all her gear as lightly as the horse had. He was, she had discovered, a powerful man indeed, and he moved as silently as her Indian friends. After a couple of close squeaks with Union patrols he brought her finally through Rebel lines to the city of Columbia, Tenn. Jess went with her to register at a hotel.

"I'll give you a chance to get prettied up," he said, "before I bring Major Stone—he's my contact here—over to see you."

From now on Pauline knew she'd have to move fast. Truesdail had reckoned on some delay in getting through the lines, but once she was in Southern territory he counted on her to use every weapon in her feminine arsenal to break down the cavalier resistance.

Accordingly, when Major Stone arrived, Pauline was in her sexiest gown, fragrant with sinful perfume. She was shocked to find him a crusty old man who obviously disapproved of her. She changed her tactics abruptly, putting on a frightened little girl act. She wept unashamedly, and said she'd gotten "all dressed up" this way because she was so desperate to find her "poor dear brother" that she'd do almost anything.

Major Stone softened, and eyed Pauline sulkily as he advised her that any "unseemly behavior" would be unnecessary because all Southern officers were gentlemen. He would return to his office immediately, he said, and write a "letter of safeguard" which he would send over via one of the junior officers.

A SHORT time later Capt. Blackman showed up with the letter. Fresh from duties at Vicksburg, it was obvious from his overly correct behavior that he'd been cautioned by Major Stone. Besides the letter, he had instructions to take her around to the various outlying camps and inquire after her brother. When they'd finished this trip in which Pauline got a good account of troop numbers and armament from Blackman, she pretended to be greatly desolated that she'd been unable to locate her brother.

"I must move on," she sighed with a grieving and martyred air, "but I shall be back here to see you again, Captain." She looked at the letter, which was addressed simply "To whom it may concern," and asked, "Where would be the best place to go with this letter of safeguard? Where is the greatest concentration of troops? If I go there, I won't have to wander around—"

"Shelbyville, I should say," Blackman answered. "Gen. Bragg has sent a number of fresh units there from Chattanooga. You can give the letter to almost any officer of rank and he'll conduct you around." He gave her a gallant bow, and a salute. "I do hope you'll come back after you've located your brother."

SINCE Blackman had advised her that he was making a quick trip to Vicksburg in a day or so, she was determined to stop and get updated by him on her way back north. So far there hadn't been the slightest breath of suspicion regarding her wanderings, but in Shelbyville she was to pull her big goof.

She registered at the finest hotel in town, dressed her best, and went down to the dining room to size up the situation. The room was filled with smartly dressed officers, many of high rank. These she wanted no part of; she was looking for someone young and impressionable. Finally she settled on a table alongside one at which two captains of engineers were engaged in animated conversation.

After she'd ordered dinner, she listened, catching fragments of a discussion about "fortress," "penetration," "defense measures," and "mobile artillery." Taking the bull by the horns, Pauline leaned over and slid her letter of safeguard across the tablecloth to the handsomer of the two men. "I wonder if you could help me, sir," she murmured.

The serious young man frowned, eyed Pauline suspiciously, read the letter, then jumped to his feet and clicked his heels. "Why of course, Madame," he smiled. "Won't you join us?"

Both of them were engaged in fortifying the approaches to Shelbyville, and they mentioned sites which Pauline recalled from her study of Trues-

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sight of her and caught her as she pitched forward into the room. He carried her to the bunk where she instantly fell asleep.

**H**OURS later she woke refreshed and Jess brought her coffee. The stranger was still there and Pauline assumed he was one of the smugglers. Swiftly she told Jess she had to go back to Nashville and would he help her get through?

"Why, Miss?" the stranger asked, suddenly getting to his feet. A sense of foreboding hit her but Pauline tried to bluff it through. "I have a theater engagement there—I'm Pauline Cushman, you know."

"I know I've been looking for you," the stranger said. "I'm a scout from the provost marshal's office. He and Gen. Hragg would like to have a talk with you."

Then began Pauline's ordeal as a prisoner. She was taken to scout quarters at Anderson's Mills where since she was being detained merely under suspicion, they didn't know exactly how to treat her. She was sent under escort to Hillsboro where she was put under guard in a local farmhouse, pending word from the provost. But reports came in that Northern raiders were headed for the town, and her captors fled, leaving her alone. She got hold of a horse and raced north, only to be captured again by pickets. The rumor of the Northern advance had proved false.

At last she was brought before Bragg himself, now stationed at Shelbyville, and he and the provost marshal assailed her with questions. Pauline parried them glibly and it was not until her saddlebags were searched and the papers discovered in her jackboots that there was any concrete evidence against her. It was enough and shortly afterwards she went to trial and was found guilty of espionage. Automatically the sentence was that she should hang.

**B**UT the tension and terror of the last few weeks suddenly took its toll, and Pauline collapsed. She was taken to a private home in Shelbyville and put under a doctor's care and under the guard of a young, hard some, and exceedingly impressionable officer. He soon found out, as she recuperated, that she was his kind of woman, condemned spy or not. Hope rose in her as she suspected that she'd soon be able to run him into helping her escape.

However she never had to make the attempt. One day her peripatetic captor came racing into the house with the news that the North was advancing and the Confederate troops had been ordered to retreat and leave their prisoners behind. Kissing her fondly he said he would look her up after the war and then he fled.

When Union troops marched into the town some hours later, Pauline waved and shouted from her window.

She told an officer in the advance column that she was a Union spy, and he had her whisked back to headquarters where she poured out all the information she'd gathered. General Rosecrans was so taken with the sexy spy and delighted with the military intelligence which helped Gen. Grant capture Vicksburg that he later made Pauline a major of cavalry.

Death on a Rebel gallows had been too close for comfort so Pauline gave up spying for good. She'd captured the imagination of the public through out the North, and took advantage of her popularity to go on the stage and tell, with gestures, the story of her derring-do. Wearing her major's uniform, she was a sensation in New York, Boston, and points west. She kept on with the act until people tired of it, and then she slipped into looser and more revealing garments to win the audience back again.

When her beauty finally faded, Pauline was through as an actress, and she retired from the stage. She slipped into obscurity and brooded about her age, her disappearing good looks, and the boredom. Finally, in a fit of desperation she took her own life.

The Grand Army of the Republic gave her a funeral with full military honors, but even aging Confederate generals marched in the cortege paying honor to the sexy Southern gal who finally accomplished what the rebel troops had failed to do—take the life of Pauline Cushman, Union spy.

## WILD PARTY

(Continued from page 17)

of the *Paris Herald* was one of her devoted swains—so devoted that he paid his city editor to transfer him to New York in order to be close to Arielle during her Caribbean charade. The newspaperman was no kiss and tell guy but after much deliberation Henney scribbled a wire and the ship's radioman batted it out.

"If this bucket sinks on route Kingston, cherches la femme!"

A little oblique that message. For thanks to Arielle's always attentive nature her forty-seven women guests were the finest collection of Parisian demi-mondes that money could buy.

It was one big drunken family that sailed the lower balmy reaches of the Atlantic that historic night when an ocean liner, for want of a sober deck officer, crushed her immaculate white bow on a reef off the Barbados. Was there panic as the ship ground to a sickening halt? Like hell! The whole shipload of drunks crew and all, reeled aft and forward port and starboard to rock her swiftly off the meek intoxicated men and women joined the crew in the hold shoving up the ship's wounded shin, a bucket brigade

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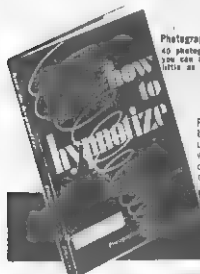
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that drank whiskey and champagne as it sang and "worked!"

Then Arielle magnificently tanned and revealingly clad took the great wheel and posed for pictures as she steered the course toward Jamaica. It was one roman holiday after the other, but like everything in life it had to end eventually. Commented Arielle sadly:

"A pity the late M'sieur Shriver wasn't aboard to enjoy it too."

**A**RIELLE was born in Toulon May 3, 1870, the only daughter and the fourth child of Marie and Raoul Buisant keepers of a dry goods shop which barely managed to provide food for the table let alone stock the silks and satins that Papa Buisant had in mind for his very remarkable little girl. It was apparent almost from the start that there was something different about Arielle.

The cherubim had jet laughing eyes deep flirtatious dimples on either cheek (one high one low), long shapely legs and a strange and inquisitive way of staring at every male who poked a finger at her cuddly pink chins. It was not merely parental pride that made Raoul Buisant believe his only daughter was slated for great things. The whole town thought so too. Arielle was a coquette and a magnificent one—from the cradle up. Buisant hooked his store for three

silks and satins but in Arielle the parent knew he had a winner and he played it to the hilt. There was nothing too good, no gift too extravagant for Toulon's *enfant magnifique*. And schooled by the Sisters of St. Bernadine, who taught Mademoiselle Arielle well within the limits of their facilities, during the first dozen years of her life, she had a pleasant adolescence.

At thirteen, however, the pretty brunette showed a profound aptitude for reading men's thoughts. Her body was fully mature, and with the first attempted rape of his flowering daughter, Raoul Buisant realized it was time to write up a marital contract. And thus having come to grips with reality the old gentleman sought out the town's wealthiest lecher, M'sieur Jean Salan, seventy, whose headstone and coffin had long been waiting for the right occasion. Marriage to Arielle Buisant thirteen, positively was it.

But unlike the heroine of the recent Broadway hit "Fanny," our heroine wasn't heartbroken. On the contrary, Arielle had a fine grasp of mathematics. She also had two bright onservant eyes in her pretty head. Châlet Salan was a magnificent hunk of architecture compared to the dark drab, cramped home of her birth. She was a willing sacrifice on the wedding altar because Salan, above the obnoxious

tions of his shocked family, seven attorneys, etcetera, had signed over the whole kit and kaboodle to his child bride.

**T**HE marriage turned out better than people expected. For one thing, Arielle's beaming bridegroom was a happy man the morning after. It was quite an achievement for a man of seventy. But Salan, who'd had seventeen children by five previous wives was quite a man. He expected, he told his friends, to be a father again!

But when Salan went to the happy hunting ground on the fourth morning of his honeymoon, the onerous business was over for Madame Salan. Thus, a thirteen-year investment paid off in blue chip stock at last. Arielle Salan was now wealthy, the youngest, wealthiest widow in the city of Toulon. And Papa Buisant looked sharply to new horizons. That Christmas, 1874, the family moved to Paris and the as yet unaroused widow returned to fill out two years of schooling as well as the best clothes her inheritance could buy. She did extremely well with both.

**A**S a bridegroom Richard Shriver had much to recommend him—American money. Thirty-three years Arielle's senior, New York playboy Shriver stunned the social world in 1876 by returning from his continental jaunt with the incredibly young, incredibly buoyant Arielle Buisant Salan. The coup was really a coup (this novel Shriver was a walking diamond mine), a hucker of the Kimberly and Luk Mines in South Africa and, not the least one of the major realtors in New York City. But unhappily, like M'sieur Salan, there were a few minutes in the connubial picture too.

In order of importance they were Shriver's impotence, Shriver's drinking, and Shriver's almost three hundred pounds on a five-two frame. "I don't give him a month!" Papa Buisant stily stole his beautiful daughter, "And when he goes, you will have millions and freedom. Get your teeth on petrol!"

The sage of Toulon was way off base when he primed his beauty for her second marriage. It lasted twenty-one years. It was true that for practically all of those twenty-one years the Shrivers lived apart. Physically that is. Otherwise they shared a four-story landmark on Fifth Avenue, a fantastic marble mansion in which each had a wing. There were two in-laws, Margharite and Jeannie. Ben held no interest or fascination for Richard Shriver, for one thing and for another his wife's indiscretions never reached his ears until years later and by then he was too old to give a damn.

**T**HE self denial stopped abruptly aboard Shriver's yacht *Tai Mahal*, cruising off Cannes. She welcomed the

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No. 146 Policy Series 101



In two weeks, Miller's strength returned. He killed forty Japs. Merely dug in, he collected shreds of evidence from notes and diaries of the Japanese officers. He had a king-size armory, replete with battle flags and samurai swords. Yet the patrols still kept coming. Miller wondered when they'd come in earnest — a battalion of them to drive him out. They didn't, though. They sent in three separate parties to nurse a heavy-caliber gun overlooking the Sound, waiting in the rushes for American PTs.

The one-man navy, forty pounds lighter than when he first drifted ashore in the previous month, hitched up his belt and betook himself and grenades down to the beach. There were too many Japs to kill in a daylight attack, so Miller hid in the verdure until nightfall. The moon was waning. He slowly, soundlessly, cut himself a single trail to within thirty yards of the gun emplacement. On August 14th he lobbed the three best pitches of his career. Three nests of Japs flew into the night air, blown to extinction by Miller's accurate pitching arm.

As a finisher, the bearded destroyer sailor streaked into their screaming midst and hacked away with his bayonet. Uniquely, the more enemy troops he killed, the fewer numbers were sent to hunt him on Arundel Island. The little game he played so well had a terrifying effect on the enemy. During the daylight hours, concealed in a high palm, Miller would watch them and grin silently as they'd turn around, repeatedly, as if expecting the phantom of the island to attack. He never took the bait, never fell for the trick of following them until darkness.

**A T S A M.** August 16th, forty-three days after he pulled himself together and became the source of Nipponese troops stationed in the Kombokanga area, Hugh Miller awoke to the roar of another plane. Taking a Jap towel with him as he raced frantically down beach, he caught the Avenger's attention.

"Turn! Turn, you bastard turn!" The plane banked, came head on toward him, then veered away sharply. The pilot made a second run. Miller screamed and jumped, waving his arms. The pilot wigwagged, then headed over the Gulf and away. Miller returned to his lonely vigil overlooking the coral reef.

But one hour later his war was over. A small Marine amphibian circled into the lagoon, set down and skinned to the far side of the coral reef. Miller ran down to the water, screaming. A rubber boat was kicked out into the coral water and a man yelled, "Take it easy, son! We'll be right with you—"

"Don't go away. Just don't quit on me now!" Miller shouted. "I'll be right back—"

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friend's affections might have done it. Checking these lads out, the investigators found that all had alibis that were airtight. The paper bags remained the only long-shot, but perhaps irrelevant, clue, yet they suddenly made sense when it was discovered that Luther's buddy Jesse McKethan, worked at the Union Bag and Paper Corp.

When this fact was discovered, police put the pressure on McKethan, who finally confessed to the murder.

He'd gotten into the car with Luther, he said and talked him out of going to pick up the girl. Instead they stopped and bought some beer and wine and had some more drinks. McKethan was drinking more than his share and they went back to his house where they drank some more. Luther took out his wallet and McKethan suddenly spotted a picture of a girl which he swore had been in his own wallet when it had been stolen a month before. He immediately accused Aids of stealing the wallet. Aids denied it, but the more he drank the surer McKethan got.

"I hit him over the head with some object," he said, "and then I got on top of him and choked him to death." Seething with hate, he dragged the body out of the house and hid it under it. "I took a small hatchet and a piece of board and left it near the body. Then I went around and got some more beer and wine and got madder and madder. I went back and chopped up his body and put it into bags, and then dumped them in the car and tossed the head into Duffin Park Lake and the torso I hid in the tall grass in the park, and the rest of it I dropped around vacant lots in town."

This was great sport for the sadistic killer, but when it was all over and the dismembered body distributed in secret spots, the kicks were gone. And, unless he was a masochist too, McKethan probably got no charge out of the fact that he had to go to the chair for his crime other than an electrical one.

**T**HERE are no notions to murder under any circumstances, but while some killers do the job with quick, neat dispatch others linger over the task, apparently enjoying it to the hilt. We hear of hired assassins and career torpedoes who love making mince-meat of their victims; they like their work and don't even charge over-time for the prolonged agony they inflict. But such cold-blooded, animal characters don't have a monopoly on sadistic murders; even the apparently gentle and genteel can give vent to this blood-lust, and it's especially true of the fair sex.

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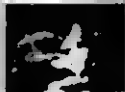


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They both went to the chair for the crime, but it was the beautiful, pale-faced, and haunting eyed blonde who'd planned and engineered the whole thing.

**SIMILARLY**, the lovely looking Winifred Ruth Judd, who carved up her victims, Barbara Graham, who was a bludgegger and a beauty, and Toni Jo Henry, who might have been a cover girl if she had not been such a lustful murderess, just loved the agonized screams of their victims. They probably would have worked for nothing if any of them had been approached about making a career of assassination.

At the other end of the pole, you'll find men like Leonard Jackson, Eddie Boyd, Steve Muchan, and Bill Leonard. They were bank robbers serving time in Canada's Don Prison when the

They don't have to pass a physical to be such a killer; there are no standards of stature and shape for the sadist who "beats them" to death. There are no set weapons either, be it the "beating" lies in the behold ing, and the psychopathic joy lies in the reaction to the victim's sustained pain.

Whatever the motive may be, the main characteristic of such killers is not an impulse of swift revenge or simple hate but a twisted mind for which there seems to be no psychiatric cure but the straightening-out process of the electric chair or gallows.

## RUGGED MEN

(Continued from page 31)

away their self-doubts by swaggering and bragging. These men feel they have a reputation to live up to, and tall tales told while drinking are vitally needed to bolster their own.

**A**s a case in point, let's take the story of Joe B., a big, blond, and physically rugged man of twenty-nine who drives an intermediate two-wheeler. Joe's visit to me was preceded by his wife's, who knew that if Joe didn't straighten out, their marriage (involving two fine children) was going to go on the rocks. Joe agreed with her, and was anxious to do something about it.



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the harnessed look was gone out of his eyes, and he was grinning. "Every thing worked out like you said it would," he told me "but for a while it was real tough doing what you suggested. I stopped phonying up stories and pretending to be a hot shot lover-boy and my buddies looked at me like I was nuts. Then I knocked off that business of making a compulsive game, I think you called it at every dam I saw. I got the idea out of my mind of trying to be an Olympic athlete in bed—and I forgot all that crap about what truck-drivers are supposed to do."

Well it certainly made a difference. As soon as I relaxed and stopped trying to set records and spent a little time thinking of my wife instead of myself, things got better. Suddenly he laughed. "I used to think I was all washed up at twenty-nine but now I know I'm just starting. I may not be the guy I used to try to be, but now I know for sure that I'm a man."

And so, I might add did his wife.

I HAVE often discussed with my colleagues the curious plight of the men in the trades which either because of their hazard or strength requirements have an aura of glamor. Even though the men are obviously strong or audacious, they seem to have a compulsion to keep proving it to the public. Even though no one doubts their masculinity they have to try to outdo themselves to dramatize it for everyone's benefit. Some do it by two-faced drinking others by getting into fights. But most of them do it by making time with women.

"They're like kids," one doctor I know told me. "They've got to show off. They develop a high degree of Narcissism and in this self-admiration they leave no room for honest self-appraisal, and cannot admit for a second any doubts about themselves. When the average man, who is neither as strong nor as self-centered participates in the sex act, he doesn't try to prove anything. If he's too tired, he forgets about it."

But it's different with these two-faced, half-cheated types. They've got to keep showing off, or they're dead. They've got to keep proving their virility especially to themselves. When they have doubts about themselves, they're really monumental doubts. They won't admit they're too tired for sex—it would be a sign of weakness. So they go ahead with it and one day discover that they're inadequate."

WE compared notes, and he showed

me an interesting case dealing with the problem of Michael R., a telephone lineman Mike was thirty-six a veteran of the Army Signal Corps in Africa and the E.T.O. and he'd knocked around the world considerably in the years after the war. He was a lean, hard character stand-

ing over six feet tall and weighing 180 pounds.

When he was thirty-one he met a girl in an Eastern state and married her. He settled down and got a job as a telephone lineman and was thrown in with a crew of men who had backgrounds similar to his own. He worked hard and at first he went home faithfully as soon as his work day was over. But soon what he called the "rat race" began. A few drinks, some tall stories, and the competition for any women that were idling around.

When Mike got going on this business he developed a fierce sense of guilt and when he got home to his wife he became ashamed to make love to her. His affairs with other women were equally unsatisfactory because all the excitement was in the chase, and not in the conquest.

Sex became a problem to him not only when he was with his wife, but when he was with other women. He found himself in a world of fantasy. In his interview with the doctor he confessed that when he was in bed with his wife he had to fantasize other women to arouse himself sexually and when he was with other women he had to imagine his wife in his arms.

As with so many persons who dwell on sex inordinately, he became completely frustrated in his heterosexual relations. There was never any danger that he would slip over into the twilight zone of homosexuality, but Mike presently found that he alone, and no woman, was capable of arousing himself. In other words he became a egocentric that auto-eroticism was his only successful outlet for his sex urges.

Naturally, he told the doctor. I didn't tell this to anyone in the bars but the stories I did tell were based on the fantasies I had to dream up to excite myself when I—well, when I was by myself. My stock went up in the bars, and the guys really gaped when I got off some yarn. After listening to my own stories, I began taking another attitude toward my buddies' stories. Mine were pure dream stuff, and so I began figuring that those guys were frauds too."

IN his essay *Adultery, Kinde and Consequences*, Dr. Robert Lindner, the famous psychoanalyst brackets Mike's kind of people in the category of chronic adulterers. "It has to be understood," he writes, "that the essential ingredient of the chronic adulterous pattern is illusion and to the maintenance of illusion all values and energies of the person have to be sacrificed. The extra-marital sex experience is employed by them ordinarily not for whatever real gains, enjoyments or benefits there may be implicit in the free exercise of sexuality, but it is used as a solvent for deep urges usually unrecognized by the person involved." Lindner then

side, " . . . the experience, no matter how long-lasting, is tenuous. A double dose of anxiety is therefore, the lot of the participants."

All these things were true in Mike's case, just as they were in Joe's and just as they most likely are in the experiences of their buddies. Mike didn't need other women: he was in love with his wife. He didn't need to prove his manliness: his fee was record and his adventurous life there-after spoke for themselves. But a 'deep urgency to try to top the real or fabricated exploits of other live men obsessed him, and when he fell short in his own estimation he got his "double dose" of anxiety and guilt, too. Basically he didn't really want the sordid affairs, but being emotionally immature like so many people in such jobs, he had to prove something.

Mike's case, however hopeless it may seem, was remediable. The doc for soon had him understanding that his whole sex life had slipped over into a world of unreality because of his desire to compete with his buddies and live up to the glamorous aspects of his trade. When he saw his problem as the doctor did, the solution appeared ridiculously simple. Act your self, don't try to set any records, and realize that whatever your limitations may be you are simply doing your best. He straightened out quickly enough, and soon found that the one woman in his life whom he truly loved was entirely adequate.

**M**ANY men whose jobs involve hard and strength aren't as complex, apparently, as Mike and Joe. One easy solution to their competitive nature, as regards women, is to pick pushovers for their romances. That's why you'll see some of the cheapest and roughest women consorting with well-built sandhogs, handsome construction workers and attractive stevedocks . . . men who could obviously do better if they tried.

They don't try for more class, of course, because they're afraid of being turned down. They don't want to imperil their "record" by having some desirable woman say no. It's the line of least resistance they require in their desperate effort to bolster their egos.

A man who came in to see me recently was a construction worker who had a wife, lived with another woman, and spent most of his time chasing others. How Sam C. ever decided on talking over his problems with a women psychologist, under those circumstances, baffled me at first but later I found out why.

Sam was twenty-five and had been married for four years when he came to see me. He was the father of a lovely three-year-old girl and I doubt that if it hadn't been for her he would ever have sought psychological help. He was, I also learned from his casual revelations about his past, a complete

neurotic about women. He wanted to save his marriage as a matter of pride, but wasn't anxious to shed his wayward life to do so. Like most philianders, he felt that personal assertions were for women, and not for him.

I found him completely captivated with himself and his job as a riveter on a lofty building in town. Although he did admit that "When you start out on the ground floor of a sky scraper and day by day work your way slowly up, you forget about heights and you don't need any more guts than if you were working on the sidewalk," he still believed he was something of a dare-devil. He knew how people watching from the street regard his beam-walking and rivet catching with awe, and he played up to it.

**A**s I have said, I soon found out why he chose a woman psychiatrist: he was, like so many of his fellows, an exhibitionist at heart and I suspect that he meant to shock me. Having served on the staff of institutions harboring sex maniacs and rapists and pervers, I am more prone to pity than horror, and his efforts fell flat. Except for its ending, his story was pretty much the pattern of many men whose so-called glamor jobs seem to be an excuse to show off

After high school Sam served an apprenticeship and became a full-fledged riveter when he was twenty-one. He married one of the girls in his neighborhood as soon as he achieved this goal but soon afterward he started his philandering. It was not difficult to understand how this happened: as an apprentice he had two goals, and nothing could distract



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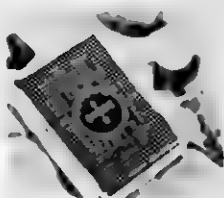
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## Calling True Men

(Continued from page 12)

decays and such like. Any way you want to look at it, it doesn't add up to women being the gentler sex. Not in my book, it doesn't.

The same thing goes for all this honey hoopla about the little women being more refined, not to mention being so delicate and sensitive in their natural state. I just want to put in a mild reminder that it wasn't any coarse, crude male that wrote *Forever Amber* or *Payton Place*. Or any great number of the other choice bits of polished smut that get sold as novels these days. When a coarse, crude male has an off-color story to tell he gets down at the end of the bar at the corner pub with some of his cronies for the telling. When a highly refined, delicate and gentle female gets hold of the same story she mulls it over, takes it apart, adds to it here and there with more lovingly lurid details that leave nothing to anybody's imagination—providing you have that kind of imagination, which nobody but a female has—and comes up with a best seller, or the next thing to it. I tell you, we unrefined males don't even begin to know the more when it comes to enjoying life in the raw and making it pay off. We men may think we rule the roost, but it's the chicks who rule the roosters and make no mistake about that.

**B**UT we males are such natural pushovers, soap suckers and/or easy marks that we've come to believe that we actually call the shots in this mixed-up world. We let the female saddle us with the blame for everything that goes wrong; and the whole being what it is, what doesn't go wrong these days? You can be sure of one thing. It wasn't any male who first said that this was a Man's World. It was a female who said that and all she was doing was pointing the buck. The old Army game.

And another thing. I want to know who ever first came up with the idea that woman was the modest sex. You hear a lot about "womanly modesty" and that is a contradiction in terms if there ever was one. Because if it's womanly, then it ain't modest; and if it's modest then it ain't part and parcel of a female around and about these days. Take a look at the styles if you don't believe me. You have to look quick, because they are subject to change without notice, except when the hills come in the first of the month. So what do you see? Well, one reason the females are going around with dresses cut down in the front and back to the point of no return and the next season they are up above the kneecaps and if the two extremes ever get together the end result would be

no more than a fancy belly-band. That's for the street. On the beach it is even more so. Give a female the idea of a two-piece bathing suit or a bikini and she will wind up in the kind of outfit that would land a strip-teaser in the jug in a town where burlesque is allowed to run wide open. And if a more male murmurs something about such outfits being lacking in modesty, as well as lacking in essential covering, he gets an impatient look for his pains and is pointedly reminded that he doesn't know anything about the latest styles. "You want me to go around in a flannel Hubbard or something?" the little woman demands. You want everyone to think we can't afford to keep up with the times? You want everyone to pity me because I've got an old fogey for a husband . . . ? And so on late into the night. Any way you look at it you can't win. If the fashion moguls should come out and say that the latest style was transparent fig leaves then by tomorrow nine out of ten females would be running around in transparent fig leaves and the tenth one would probably be Ben-Tum-Gabor, wearing one trimmed with diamonds.

**S**O much for the female modesty of the female of the species. She'll cover herself from head to toe with backup socks if it is the style. And she'll uncover herself from head to toe if it is the style. About all a crude, coarse male can do about it is to pay the bills when they come in. What else is he for, anyway?

Well, all you, there are times when I begin to wonder how it is that we have advanced as far as we have in civilization, what with the females constantly trying to pull us back into a primitive state. If you ask me, and nobody has, I think that maybe that is the reason we have so many wars. More men has long since discovered that he is no match for the female of the species—the latter being too tricky, devious, ruthless, unscrupulous and relentless in the single-minded pursuit of having their own lawless way. So every once in a while the male gets fed up to here and starts taking his frustrations out on his fellow man, striking out every which way just to get it out of his system.

All of which, as time has proven, is a pretty stupid way of solving this particular Battle of the Sexes. I've got a better idea and one which might even work if given half a chance. The way I figure it, we might have a little peace between nations if we make laid in a stock of ball whips and confined our warring activities to beating hell out of the women and getting them back into line where they belong.

Or maybe we could let them go out and fight the next war for us.

Anyway, it's something worth thinking about—all providing, of course that your little woman isn't a mind reader.



# CASH IN QUICK ON NEW SHOE CRAZE!

**Comes in 121 color combinations, with any school or club initials your customer wants!**

**SEND COUPON FOR MY FREE OUTFIT**

## We'll set you up in a Money-Making Shoe Store Business FREE! Just 8 Easy Orders a Day bring you up to \$960 a month!

Want Plenty of Money? Just show young men, college or high school students America's newest, hottest shoe craze... Mason Kampus King. They go wild over colorful school letter or personal initial right on each shoe. You take easy orders—collect cash deposits—get big Bonuses and Prizes every month you work spare time or full time.

**121 Exciting COLOR COMBINATIONS.** Your customers choose from 121 different combinations of colors and letters. Ideal for schools, colleges, fraternities, bands, etc.

Mason Men have made big money for half a century—but now a whole new market is open to them. This exciting new shoe style can be your private "gold mine". No wonder the Kampus King sells on sight such as "endless chain" of sales and profits, because this is the kind of NEW IDEA young folks go for BIG!

**You Offer 210 Fast-Selling Shoes and Jackers—Something for EVERY Man and Woman.** Yes, here's a wonderful business for you. If you want to make really important money with a line you can sell to everybody—if you want steady cash profits every month. And you never invest one cent—we furnish everything FREE, so you can start taking in profits your very first hour! No rent to pay—no light bills, clerk hire or other overhead. You keep 100% of your profits!

**Here's PROOF:** Ambitious man wanted in every town, to earn this kind of money! James Kelly took so many orders for these Nationally Advertised shoes he made \$93.55 in ONE EVENING! Fred Mason makes \$6.00 to \$10 every hour he devotes to his Mason Shoe Business. Charley Tuttle averages over \$80 extra weekly in part time. How much do YOU want to make? It's up to YOU!

**Stores Can't Compete.** People PREFER to buy from you on the local Mason Shoe Counselor. You offer at-home or at-work convenience no store can match. Your customers get the size they want, because you draw on stock of over 250,000 pairs of dress, work, sport shoes in sizes from 2 1/4 to 15—widths from extra-narrow AAAA to extra-wide EEEE. Famous Air-Cushion Insole shoes give supreme comfort, so you get plenty of repeat orders and recommendations. You make a LOT of money with amazing Ripple Sole shoes with revolutionary new kind of sole that has shock-reducing sliding action—forward thrust with every step.

**Everything Furnished FREE!** We'll furnish your complete Startup Outfit FREE! Just rush coupon. It brings you—FREE and POSTPAID—everything you need to take profitable orders for Kampus King Shoes—sensational Ripple Sole Shoes—insulated Jackers & Boots—Synflex Shoes—work shoes—210 in all! You can start with Mason in 30 days. Switch over to full time when you like. Get your own and family's shoes wholesale! You can't go wrong—so send the coupon now!

**MASON SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.**  
Dept. F-458, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

## FREE SELLING OUTFIT

Mr. Ned Mason  
Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dept. F-458  
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin

O! Ned! I want to make extra spare time money. I need—up to \$960 a month for 8 orders a day. Rush EVERYTHING I need to start—FREE and POSTPAID!

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town.....State.....



### YOUR SURE SOURCE OF EXTRA INCOME!

Wherever you go, working people are eager prospects for famous Mason Air Cushion extra-comfort on-the-job shoes. That's why so many Mason Shoe Counselors

multiply earnings with quantity orders, by specializing in shoe needs of policemen, postmen, factory workers, nurses, waitresses, service station men! We furnish sales aids... show you how to get the orders. Don't delay—mail coupon for your FREE Starting Outfit today!

# Top Doctors Answer The Question... CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness—read the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

But first, let's understand a few facts about hair loss and baldness. Doctors, dermatologists, and top research men in the hair field are not always in complete agreement, but they do agree that there is no such nostrum as a hair grower. No chemical, no electric gadget, no formula can grow hair. What can be done is to stimulate more blood circulation to the scalp thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles, and to keep the scalp healthy and germ free, thereby removing any outside impediment to normal hair growth.

Now, what can be done to prevent the progressive loss of hair? Doctors do not agree on the most significant cause of baldness. Certain facts do stand out, however, in spite of disagreement. There is little or nothing that you can do if your hair loss is hereditary in origin. Recognize the hard fact that if your hair loss is due to factors beyond scientific control, you are going to get bald no matter what you try. And a large body of dermatologists believes that heredity is the largest single factor causing the loss of hair.

That is the black side of the picture. But there is also a hopeful side. Another large group of dermatologists believes that seborrhea (a common scalp disorder) is a common cause of baldness, and that seborrhea should be controlled to prevent the hair loss it causes. The symptoms of seborrhea are easily recognizable. They are: dandruff, dry or oily scalp, scalp itch, head scales—and a progressive loss of hair.



## HOW COMATE STOPS HAIR LOSS

A recently developed formula series called Comate effectively controls seborrhea, eliminates dandruff, stops scalp itch, corrects excessively dry or oily scalp, and effectively stops the hair loss caused by seborrhea.

We cannot and do not take sides in this medical controversy over which is a more significant cause of baldness, heredity or seborrhea. But we do know that we sold thousands of bottles of the Comate Formula Series on a money back guarantee, and less than 2% of our customers were dissatisfied with Comate and asked for and received their money back. We received hundreds and hundreds of letters acclaiming the wonderful performance of Comate not only in controlling seborrhea, but in effectively stopping hair loss. We are reprinting in this advertisement excerpts of some of these letters because they so effectively tell of the amazing performance of Comate.

## HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

This is how Comate works: (1) By its rubefacient action, it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp thereby supplying more nutrition to the hair follicles. (2) By its germicidal action, it kills scalp germs on contact, thereby eliminating an outside impediment to normal hair growth. (Comate's germ-killing properties have been proven in a series of scientific tests by a leading testing laboratory—copy of laboratory report on request). (3) Comate controls seborrhea, stops scalp itch. By its keratolytic action, it dissolves dried sebum, head scales, and ugly dandruff. Used as directed, it tends to normalize the secretions of your sebaceous glands, controlling excessive dryness or oiliness. A few treatments and your hair looks more beautiful, more vital and healthier. Today there is no longer any excuse for any man or woman to neglect the warning signals of impending baldness. Comate may help you as it doesn't cost you a penny.

## COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Now, here is our compelling offer. Try Comate in your own home. In only 10 days your hair must look thicker, more attractive and alive. Your dandruff must be gone, your scalp itch must stop. In only 20 days, you must see the remarkable improvement in your scalp condition and the continued improvement in the appearance of your hair. After 30 days you must be completely satisfied with the rapid progress in the condition of your hair and scalp, or return the unused portion of the treatment and we will refund the entire purchase price at once.

You now have the opportunity to increase the life expectancy of your hair at our risk. So don't wait. Delay may cost you your hair.

© COMATE LABORATORIES, INC., 20 W. 45th St., N. Y. C. 36

## MEN AND WOMEN COMMEND COMATE

These are a few of the unsolicited testimonials received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it, too!

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."  
—L. M. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."  
—D. M. W., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."  
—D. W. G., C/O P. M. N.Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."  
—Mrs. R. L. B., Piquette, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."  
—C. E. H., Richmond, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker. I can tell it."  
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quill thick."  
—T. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."  
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."  
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."  
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."  
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"  
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

## BALDNESS WON'T WAIT! ACT NOW!

### COMATE LABORATORIES INC., Dept. 4302C

20 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund upon return of unused portion of treatment.

☐ Enclosed find \$10. (Cash, check, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$10 plus postage charges on delivery.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

**RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!**

# Just Imagine! MY STORY IN THIS MAGAZINE...

Who'd have thought when I wrote to the folks at VitaSafe that they would actually print my letter in their ad? Yes, they told me that my story was so typical of the many letters they received, they wanted to publish it. My husband and I agreed — so here it is.

## He Didn't Even Kiss Me Goodnight!



NIGHT after night my husband came home from work all tired out. He was nervous, irritable — and barely touched supper. Most of the time he'd just sit around for a while — then drop into bed, asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. Often he didn't even kiss me goodnight . . . and yet I knew I had a good man — one who really loved me.

I know a man's tired after a day's work — but my husband was simply "dead on his feet!" You'd think he'd forgotten all about me!

Then one day we saw a VitaSafe ad in a magazine. It told about other men like my husband who had once felt tired and run-down, who had lost their pep and energy. It said that this condition may be caused by an easily corrected vitamin-mineral deficiency, and that thousands of people had experienced a feeling of increased vitality and strength through the famous VitaSafe Plan. It offered to send a trial 30-day supply of powerful VitaSafe High-Potency Capsules so we could discover for ourselves whether my husband could be helped.

We had nothing to lose, so we sent the coupon. And believe me, it was the smartest thing we ever did. Now my husband's like a new man. He feels stronger and peppier than he has for a long time!

If you want to help someone you love get rid of that tired, run-down feeling, due to a vitamin-mineral deficiency, send for a 30-day trial supply of VitaSafe capsules as we did. Just mail the no-risk coupon today.

© 1958 VitaSafe Corp.



EACH DAILY VITASAFE CAPSULE FOR MEN CONTAINS			
Glutamine	31.4 mg.	Vitamin A	40 mg.
Alanine	10 mg.	Vitamin B <sub>1</sub>	4 mg.
Inositol	10 mg.	Vitamin B <sub>2</sub>	2.1 U.
DL-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin B <sub>6</sub>	2.5 mg.
Ornithine	10 mg.	Vitamin C	25 mg.
L-Aspartic Acid	10 mg.	Phosphorus	50 mg.
Glutamic Acid	10 mg.	Iron	50 mg.
Vitamin D	10 mg.	Cobalt	4 mg.
12-150 mg. VitaSafe		Strontium	4 mg.
Vitamin E	10 mg.	Germanium	4 mg.
Vitamin G	10 mg.	Vanadium	0.5 mg.
Vitamin H	10 mg.	Yttrium	4 mg.
Vitamin K	10 mg.	Potassium	5 mg.
Vitamin L	10 mg.	Copper	0.5 mg.
Vitamin M	10 mg.	Niobium	0.5 mg.

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN ALSO AVAILABLE. CHECK COUPON IF DESIRED.

25¢ just to help cover shipping expenses of this  
**FREE 30 days supply  
High-Potency Capsules**

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, VITAMINS AND MINERALS

Safe nutritional formula containing 27 proven ingredients: Glutamine, Alanine, Inositol, Methionine, Citrus Bioflavonoids, 11 Vitamins (including Blood-building B-12 and Folic Acid) plus 11 Minerals.

To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the VitaSafe Plan... we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of high-potency VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much stronger, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over twice the minimum adult daily requirements of Vitamins A, C, and D... *five times* the minimum adult requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the full concentration recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12 — one of the most remarkable nutrients science has yet discovered — a vitamin that actually helps strengthen your blood and nourish your body organs.

Glutamine Acid, an important protein derived from natural wheat gluten, is also included in VitaSafe Capsules. And in top off this exclusive formula, each capsule now brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoids. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else at this price!

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

There is no mystery to vitamin potency. As you probably know, the U.S. Government strictly controls each vitamin manufacturer and requires the exact quantity of each vitamin and mineral to be clearly stated on the label. This means that the purity of each ingredient, and the sanitary conditions of manufacture are carefully controlled for your protection! When you use VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES you can be sure you're getting exactly what the label states... pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and again!

WHY WE WANT YOU  
TRY A 30-DAY SUPPLY — FREE!

We offer you this 30-day free trial of valuable VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES for just one reason. So many persons have already tried them with most astounding results... so many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial... that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of improved well-being after a similar

trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. You don't spend a penny for the vitamin! A month's supply of similar vitamin capsules, if it were available at retail would ordinarily cost \$5.00.

AMAZING PLAN SHAMES VITAMIN PRICES ALMOST IN HALF

With your free 30-day supply of VitaSafe High-Potency Capsules you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with all the factory-fresh vitamins and minerals you will need. You are under no obligation to buy anything! If after taking your free capsules for three weeks you are not entirely satisfied, simply return the handy postcard that comes with your free supply and that will end the matter. Otherwise it's up to us — you don't have to do a thing! — and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of capsules on time for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only \$2.76 per month (plus a few cents shipping) — a saving of 45%. Mail coupon now!

SPECIAL FORMULA FOR WOMEN

Women may also suffer from lack of pep, energy and vitality due to nutritional deficiency. If there is such a lady in your house, you will do her a favor by bringing this announcement to her attention. Just have her check the "Woman's Formula" box in the coupon.

Mail Coupon TO VITASAFE® CORP.,  
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

or when in New York visit the VITASAFE PHARMACY,  
1860 Broadway at Columbus Circle

IN CANADA: 394 Syrington Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario.

VITASAFE CORP.

43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Yes, I accept your generous no-risk offer under the VitaSafe Plan as advertised in True Men's Stories

Send me my FREE 30-day supply of high potency VitaSafe Capsules as checked below.

☐ Man's Formula ☐ Woman's Formula

(INCLUDE 25¢ PER PACKAGE for printing and postage.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply of each formula may be requested.

IN CANADA: 394 Syrington Ave., Toronto 9, Ont.

(Canadian Formula subject to import regulations.)

Enclosed is a 30-day supply of VitaSafe Capsules.

Enclosed is a 30-day supply of VitaSafe Capsules.

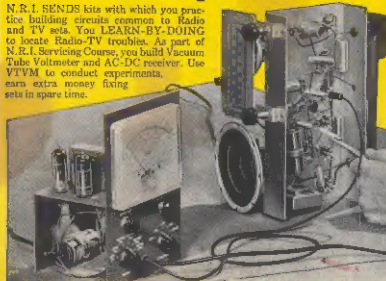
Enclosed is a 30-day supply of VitaSafe Capsules.

Enclosed is a 30-day supply of VitaSafe Capsules.

# Learn Radio-Television

## Servicing or Communications by Practicing at Home in Spare Time

N.R.I. SENDS kits with which you practice building circuits common to Radio and TV sets. You **LEARN-BY-DOING** to locate Radio-TV troubles. As part of N.R.I. Servicing Course, you build Vacuum Tube Voltmeter and AC-DC receiver. Use VTVM to conduct experiments, earn extra money fixing sets in spare time.



**RADIO-TV BROADCASTING** (see above) offers important positions as Operators and Technicians. **RADIO-TV SERVICING** Technicians (see below) needed in every community. Their services are respected, their skill appreciated.



## Fast Growing Field Offers You Good Pay, Success, Bright Future



**J. E. SMITH**  
Founder

Bigger than ever and still growing fast. That's why Radio-TV has special appeal to ambitious men not satisfied with their job and earnings. More than 4,000 Radio and TV stations. More than 150 million home and auto Radios. 40 million TV sets. Color TV promises added opportunities. For the trained man, there are good jobs, bright future in Radio-TV Servicing or Broadcasting. Training PLUS opportunity is the ideal combination for success. So plan now to get into Radio-TV. The technical man is looked up to. He does important work, gets good pay for it. Radio-Television offers that kind of work. NRI can supply training quickly, without expense of going away to school. Keep your job while training. You learn at home in your spare time. NRI is the **OLDEST** and **LARGEST** home study Radio-TV school. Its methods have proved successful for more than 40 years.

### Added Income Soon - \$10, \$15 a Week in Spare Time

Soon after enrolling, many NRI students start to earn \$10, \$15 a week in spare time fixing sets. Some pay for their training and enjoy extra luxuries this way. Some make enough to start their own Radio-TV shops. NRI training is *practical*—gets quick results. Easy to understand, well illustrated lessons teach you basic principles. And you **LEARN-BY-DOING** by practicing with kits of equipment which "bring to life" things you study.

### Find Out What NRI Offers

NRI has trained thousands for successful careers in Radio-TV. Study fast or slow—as you like. Diploma when you graduate. Mail coupon now. Paste it on a postcard or mail in envelope. **ACTUAL LESSON FREE.** Also 64 page catalog that shows opportunities, shows equipment you get. Cost of NRI courses low. Easy terms. **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 9D07, Washington, D. C.**

### N.R.I. TRAINED THESE MEN FOR SUCCESS



"I was repairing Radios by 10th lesson. Now have good TV job." **M. R. LINDEMUTH,** Fort Wayne, Ind.



"Doing spare time repairs on Radio and TV. Soon servicing full time." **CLYDE HIGGINS,** Waltham, Mass.



"I had a successful Radio repair shop. Now I'm Engineer for WHPE." **V.W. WORKMAN,** High Point, N. C.



"There are a number of NRI graduates here. I can thank NRI for this job." **JACK WAGNER,** Lexington, N. C.



**VETERANS** Approved Under G.I. Bills

## SEND FOR BOTH FREE

### National Radio Institute

Dept. 9D07 Washington 16, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-Page Catalog FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

ACCREDITED MEMBER, NATIONAL HOME STUDY COUNCIL

